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# Mission Life in Hawaii.

Memoir of

Rev. William P. Alexander.

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REV. WM. P. ALEXANDER.

# MISSION LIFE IN HAWAII.

MEMOIR OF

## REV. WILLIAM P. ALEXANDER.

BY

JAMES M. ALEXANDER.

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA,
PACIFIC PRESS PUBLISHING COMPANY.
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Anthropology

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# PREFACE.

THE missionary Fathers who, through God's blessing, changed Hawaii's pagan night to day, have nearly all gone to their eternal rest; and now it is becoming a matter of increasing interest to save the records of their character and work. Every letter and manuscript of theirs, every reminiscence and memorial of them, is becoming very precious to their relatives and those interested in the mission cause.

It is with a view to save some of these priceless relics, that this memorial volume of REV. WILLIAM P. ALEXANDER is published for his children and particular friends. There are writings by him and of him, which they feel they cannot afford to lose; there are narratives of his experience, the influence of which they need; there are tributes of affection, which they desire to weave as a wreath of *immortelles* about his memory and the mission cause.

In accordance with what is known of his unassuming disposition it is not desired to claim for him more regard than for the other missionary Fathers, but to show what divine grace may accomplish in excellence and beauty of character and in self-sacrificing labor to the glory of God.

I have been assisted by my brother, Prof. Wm. D. Alexander, in collecting the materials for this volume, and by other members of the family in its publication, to all of whom it has been a labor of love and of interest in the mission cause.

Since the above was written the death of Mrs. Mary Alexander, the widow of Rev. Wm. P. Alexander, has occurred. Another chapter is added, giving an account of her sickness and death, and tributes to her memory.



J. M. A.

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# CHAPTER I.

## ANCESTRY AND EARLY LIFE.

THE lineage of Rev. William Alexander can be traced with considerable certainty to several brothers of the name of Alexander, who, about the year 1734, emigrated from Scotland to America.

There is a legend that seven brothers of that name agreed together to remove to the New World, and that at the last moment, when about to embark, they sent for a clergyman to baptize their bairns. As this clergyman did not belong to the Established Church of Scotland, he was arrested by the civil authorities for administering the ordinance of baptism. The brothers looked for advice in this dilemma to their mother, whom, according to the Scottish customs, they implicitly obeyed even in mature age. She, with their families on board of the vessel, prayed over the matter all day, and at evening said, "Gang ye awa men, and tak our minister and bring him on boord. We will tak him to America with us." They therefore took him out of jail in the night, and with him put to sea. When the next morning the magistrates sought for him for trial, he was far away on his voyage to the land of liberty. He remained with these brothers the rest of his life, ministering to their families as their pastor.

One of this family had previously emigrated to Londonderry, in the North of Ireland, and three of his

sons removed to America and settled in the neighborhood of the above-mentioned brothers.

These families were generally well educated, as is shown by the books they transmitted to their children, and they had the means of living in comfort, as is shown by the houses they built. They settled chiefly in the vicinity of Frederickstown, Maryland, and thence emigrated in various directions. Prof. Archibald Alexander, of Princeton Seminary, was one of their descendants, as also Prof. William Alexander, of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of San Francisco.

In one of these families Patrick Alexander was born in Frederickstown, Maryland, in the year 1740. His third son, James Alexander, born September 25, 1770, removed to Virginia, and there married Mrs. Mary Rose Depuy, December 26, 1793. In 1800 he removed to Kentucky, and made a home near Paris in Bourbon County.

This James Alexander is said to have been "a wise and godly Presbyterian elder." It was his custom to gather his family together Sabbath evenings to repeat at one sitting the whole "Shorter Catechism," and at other times to give Bible proof texts for all its doctrines. In this way a foundation was laid for a knowledge of theology, that was of great service to three of his sons, Thomas, Samuel, and William, who became ministers of the gospel. He died suddenly at Cincinnati, October 3, 1821, aged fifty-one years. His sixth son, William Patterson Alexander, is the subject of this narrative.

Of the early life of William P. Alexander about all that is known is contained in brief records written by him for his own benefit, extracts from which are here given:—

"*Princeton, N. J., February 10, 1829.*—I now undertake to write a short account of my life, that hereafter I may more easily refer to God's dealings with me, and that by reviewing what is past I may acquire a greater knowledge of my own character. . . . I was born the 25th of July, 1805, at the waters of Stoner, about two miles southeast of Paris, Kentucky. . . . At five years of age I was sent to school to John T. Edgar, at Paris, Kentucky, one mile and a quarter from home, during which time I had the measles. After this I went to a country school near Col. Henry Clay's, half a mile from home, to a succession of teachers, till 1821, viz., Sterman, Mourning, Henry, Moffit, and David Dunlap. At these schools I learned almost nothing, except with Henry and Dunlap. The former waked me up to seek for a reason for everything I did in arithmetic; the latter was my teacher in geometry, algebra, surveying, and astronomy."

This awaking to inquire for reasons for mathematical processes was evidently the beginning of a new era in his life. His diary was intended as a private record of his inner religious life, and as such it is a precious relic.

But his outward life was that of other boys in those early days, among the sons of pioneer hunters and Indian fighters of Kentucky, and he entered with keen zest into the stirring life of the period. In later years his character was deeply imbued with the chivalrous traits that honorably distinguished the Kentucky gentleman of "the old school."

It appears that through the influence of his pious parents his mind was profoundly occupied from his earliest days with the subject of religion. Of this we find the following accounts in his diary:—

"During the time I was at school, the pious exhortations of my father caused me to frequently set about reform; often did I endeavor to work out a legal righteousness by abstaining from the more gross violations of God's law, by praying, so far as form was concerned, two or three times a day; but finding that I remained the same, I at length gave up the effort. . . . But so frequently did the light of God's truth penetrate my mind, that about every month after I was twelve years of age, I made efforts after holiness, though as often convinced that they were unavailing."

He has mentioned that during this time he once plead with his brother John, whom he observed anxious on the subject of religion, not to defer seeking an interest in Christ, a remarkable procedure for one not himself a Christian.

"In 1821," he records, "my father died. All his warnings now rushed upon my mind like a flood; and with more vigor than ever, I set about self-reformation. My efforts proving unavailing, I gave myself up to the power of sin, restrained only by pride of character.

"Being left by my father's death more at my own disposal, I commenced the study of Latin with Ebenezer Sharpe, at Bourbon Academy. I read the usual course, and made some proficiency in Greek. In the spring of 1824, I received a call to take charge of the mathematical department in Centre College. This at first appeared to be a situation just adapted to my wishes."

It is interesting to note that at so early an age as nineteen years old he was called to such a position.

"While at Danville, my brother Samuel, who was then at college, told me of his hope, that he had fled for refuge to the Lord Jesus, and had been accepted of him,

and of his intention of making a profession of religion the first opportunity. This very much affected me, and caused me to again seek reformation. I tried to get from under the power of sin, in order that I might with more face apply to the Saviour for help; for still my proud heart was unwilling to renounce everything, and to receive salvation without a price."

Desiring to resume his studies with E. Sharpe, he returned to Paris, and continued six months more under his instruction.

"Rev. John MacFarland," the pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Paris, "about this time delivered a course of lectures on the Holy Spirit. In the course of these lectures I saw plainly that if ever I was saved it must be by sovereign grace. I saw that I had sinned against a holy God, and was filthy in his sight. Utterly despairing of help in myself, and being convinced that there was plenteous redemption in Christ, I endeavored to cast myself on his mercy. I abhorred myself on account of sin, and the truth that the 'blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin' was very precious to me. I recognized God as my Father, reconciled through his dear Son. I delighted to pour out my soul in secret to him, though often a sense of my unworthiness was such as to make me doubt whether God would regard me with mercy. Yet the reflection that Christ was my righteousness would revive my confidence."

About this time, the 1st of January, 1825, he drew up a form of dedication of himself to God, which, though almost too sacred for publication, is here given, for the light it throws on his subsequent character and life.

"Having for some time desired to commit to writing the dedication of myself to God, I shall now endeavor

to do it acceptably through his grace abounding in Christ Jesus.

"Lord God, who alone art Jehovah, grant through the mercies of thy well-beloved Son, to pour out thy Holy Spirit upon me, that I may proceed in dedicating myself to thee in an acceptable manner.

"I am a rebellious sinner, by nature alienated from thee. My heart is a sink of corruption, diseased with the leprosy and corroding ulcers of sin; it verily merits thy holy indignation and hatred. But thanks and praise to thy holy name, although I am thus vile and filthy, there is a fountain opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness. Jesus Christ has suffered in the room and stead of sinners, he has borne the sins of a rebellious world in his own body on the cross, and now gives the assurance of a God, that all who come believing on him, shall be saved.

"O God, I would plead thy promises, made to thy church and its offspring. I have been given to thee in baptism, and thou hast promised to ratify in Heaven whatever is done in thy name on earth. Give me, O God, the blessings of thy Holy Spirit, signified by this ordinance. Thou hast promised to be a Father to such as fear thy name, and to their children. Oh, give me the spirit of adoption, that I may really recognize thee as my Father. Enable me, when pleading these promises, really to believe that thou art a faithful and performing God.

"Now, Jehovah, I give myself to thee, body and soul, and all that thou hast given me. I place all in thy hands, as in the hands of a faithful Creator. Help me ever to act for thee, not for myself.

"I would take thee for my Father, my Saviour, my Sanctifier. Oh, enable me in deed and truth to say, I am thine and thou art mine. O Lord, wilt thou ratify this dedication. Father, accept me, as thou regardest the death and sufferings of thy dear Son. I trust in his all-prevailing name.

"Let all that is in Heaven and earth praise the Lord;

for his mercy endureth forever. O my soul, bless his holy name. And to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, the only wise God, be honor, and glory, and power, and dominion forever. Amen.

"Give me humility, whilst I subscribe my worthless name, WM. P. ALEXANDER.

"*July 6, 1826.*—This day, O Lord God, help me renewedly to dedicate myself to thee; and mourning over my past failures, I would beg thy sustaining power, to preserve me from backsliding from thee. W. P. A.

"*Princeton, N. J., Jan 1, 1829.*—Four years have passed since I wrote this dedication; but I have here in form given myself to God, and in reality have served myself. O Father, who hast borne with me, forgive my hateful departures from thee, and through Jesus Christ, my Saviour, enable me henceforth to live for thee.

"W. P. ALEXANDER."

The experience described by this dedication was pivotal in his life. It determined his subsequent character and career. It naturally resulted from it that he united with the church, that he entered a theological seminary to study for the ministry, that he consecrated himself to the cause of foreign missions, and that he performed all the labors, and achieved all the success, of his missionary career.

The diary continues to great length, with records of events, and touching accounts of religious experience, a few quotations from which will suffice for illustrating his religious growth. After mentioning the fact of his joining the Presbyterian Church of Paris, the Sabbath after writing his dedication, he writes:—

"For one or two months I enjoyed much of God's presence; but I soon found the life of a Christian was a warfare; for I soon had to pa s through many severe spiritual conflicts, but never was so far overcome that I

doubted the sufficiency of my Saviour. Yet he was continually with me, doing me good.

"The summer of 1825 I taught school on Cooper's Run, five miles from Paris, to raise money to go to college. . . . In November I went to Maysville, to assist J. T. Edgar in teaching school. . . . In the fall of 1826 I went to Centre College to complete my education. (God had recently poured out his spirit there in a remarkable manner, and was pleased to revive me in some measure. . . . I lived along at Danville, sometimes engaged in the battle, sometimes yielding the conflict; and I certainly would have forever wandered from God, but in great mercy he would not let me go, but drew me with cords of loving-kindness, and showed me that my help was still in him.)

"In November, 1827, I joined a theological class, to study Hebrew and the Greek Testament, etc. In December, and subsequently through the winter, the Lord in a remarkable manner visited his church in Paris, as he had visited many other churches in the State. During this time my soul was somewhat refreshed, and I sometimes was able to plead with God for sinners, and to praise him for his wonderful works. In April (twenty-two years of age) I was chosen an elder in the church, and in May I was ordained."

Here are recorded strong expressions of regret that he did not accomplish more in the office of elder.

## CHAPTER II.

### THEOLOGICAL EDUCATION AND MISSIONARY CONSECRATION.

THE theological class which Mr. Alexander had joined was broken up in the latter part of July, 1828, by the death of Mr. MacFarland. Mr. Alexander was now kindly assisted by his brother Thomas to take a course in Princeton Seminary.

"I set out for Princeton," he says, "the 6th of October, 1828, accompanied by Brethren McRoberts and Lilly, and Mrs. MacFarland. I reached Princeton the 1st of November, and blessed God for bringing me hither. Even within these consecrated walls I found a proneness to forget God, a proneness to let social prayer suffice for secret, especially as I found it difficult to be alone. With Brother McRoberts, my dear chum, feeling the need of being at times alone with God, I made arrangements, by which we have an opportunity for secret prayer three times a day. Since then I have reason to bless God. I have had more longings for holiness than heretofore.

"About this time my attention was turned particularly to the perishing condition of the heathen; and I have since endeavored to inquire of the Lord whether I might carry the gospel to some of them. I feel on the whole more desirous to go than to remain in the United States. It was my choice to go to Palestine; accordingly I commenced the study of Syriac."

Among his papers are found copies of Syriac grammars, written by him at this time.

"On the 10th of January, 1829, I joined with Brethren McRoberts, Lindly, Condit, Granger, and Harrison, in a covenant to spend every Saturday in fasting and prayer for growth in grace. We meet Saturday evenings, to recount God's dealings with us during the preceding week, and to pray for growth in grace. I bless God for this association. I think my soul has been enriched by means of it, and hope yet to have many delightful seasons with these dear brethren."

A voluminous diary follows of his religious experience day by day through this period of his life, from which his thoughts in regard to undertaking the foreign mission enterprise are here quoted:—

"Read a short history of the South Sea islanders, and cannot but be amazed at the transforming power of the gospel. That I may be permitted to carry it to some dark corner of the earth is my daily prayer. . . . This evening I took a dismission from the 'South and West Society,' believing that, with my present views, I cannot conscientiously remain a member. For if the Lord will not shut up my way, I feel bound in spirit to carry the gospel to some of the millions in pagan darkness. O Father, be my guide. . . .

"*April 6, 1829.*—For several days past I have frequently inquired of the Lord whether I shall give my name to the American Board of Foreign Missions. I still hesitate in determining what is duty. O Lord, direct my steps, and help me to glorify thy name. . .

"*April 8, 1829.*—This evening in conversation with Mr. Evarts, Secretary of the American Board, I felt aroused on the subject of missions, and inclined to hope

that I would be allowed to serve God on heathen ground. O Father, direct me, as though a voice behind me were saying, 'This is the way, walk ye in it.' . . .

"*April 9.*—I bless the Lord, for he has been precious to my soul to-day; and a consideration of his presence and love has kept me in a melting mood. I had another interview with Mr. Evarts to-day, told him all my feelings on the subject of missions, and promised to write to him soon. I trust the Lord will grant me the grace to preach the gospel among the heathen. O God, I am thine; guide me in the path of duty. . . .

"*June 11, 1829.*—This morning I received a most affectionate letter from my dear sister Ann. Oh, she is dear to my heart, and in the most tender way she weaves those ties which bind me to my native land; but I hope the ties which bind me to my blessed Saviour are stronger; and if he will bid me, and give me strength, I will sunder all filial and fraternal bonds, and go to the ends of the earth. O Lord, thou art my portion be thou my guide. . . .

"*November 11, 1830.*—A letter has come to hand from Jeremiah Evarts, informing me that I am appointed a missionary of the American Board. It produces very solemn reflections. Now unless God prevent by his providence, I am going to the heathen to spend my life in telling them of Jesus (a thing for which I have often prayed). It will be a trial to leave my friends and country; but 'if any man love father or mother more than me, he is not worthy of me.' I do love them, but I feel in my heart I can gladly bid them farewell. I may meet with sore trials on pagan ground; the rude barbarian may imbrue his hands in my blood; but no suf-

ferings of this life are worthy to be compared with the glory which is to be revealed. Furthermore, they get near the throne in glory 'who come out of great tribulation,' and 'their robes are washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb.' It is a privilege, it is an honor, to suffer for Christ; and I now feel as if I could count it all joy, to be found worthy to suffer for his sake. The *sore* trial after all lies deeper than this; it lies in myself. Oh, it is this load of sin, which I bear about me; I am so prone to wander from God. . . . I trust in him, and seek him with my whole heart, and realize his blessing. . . .

"*April 4, 1831.*—Yesterday I was down at Millstone. Three of my Sabbath-school teachers are anxiously inquiring the way to Jesus. I trust the Holy Spirit has commenced a good work in their souls. Conversed awhile with a colored scholar. . . . I proceeded to explain to her how Jesus Christ came into the world, and suffered and died in the place of sinners. This was a doctrine entirely *new* to her. She wept profusely as I explained it to her. . . . I felt as though I were explaining the way of salvation to a poor heathen. I hope it will prove life to her soul. . . .

"*August 2, 1831.*—To-day I have been examined by the Presbytery of New Brunswick on theology, church history, church government, the sacraments, and Hebrew, and have been licensed to preach the gospel of Christ. High and holy calling! An angel might seek it, and an angel might tremble in view of its responsibilities! How unworthy and unfit am I for the work! Much heavenly wisdom is needed. Oh, grant it, Lord, that thy Son may be glorified and sinners rescued from perdition. But how little do I know of the love of

Christ! How poorly qualified am I to direct souls unto him! I will look to him for grace and strength, and, using all diligence, will trust in him, that he will keep me from disgracing the holy office. Gracious Redeemer, I would now covenant anew to be thine. Oh, make me wise to win souls to thee; and if thou dost grant me the grace to preach among the heathen thine unsearchable riches, oh, may I be faithful unto death. Oh, guide my feet, uphold my goings, and deliver me from sin. Grant me the anointing of the Holy Spirit for thy mercy's sake. Amen.

"*August 7, 1831.*—Yesterday I received a letter from Rev. R. Anderson, informing me that Brother Armstrong and myself are designated for the mission in the Pacific. To this field my heart inclined me, and I trust it has been of the Holy Spirit. I rejoice in the prospect of starting to the field next November. I rejoice that I may so soon have the high privilege of telling poor dying heathen of Jesus Christ. I rejoice in having my dear Brother Armstrong for my companion. Bless the Lord, O my soul, for he has dealt bountifully with thee. I would have been glad to have enjoyed the company of Brethren Forbes, Thomson, and Boggs. Perhaps Forbes may yet go with us. The Lord direct, and to his will I wish to say from the heart, Amen. . . .

"I was ordained by the Presbytery of Cincinnati, October 12, 1831, at the same time with Rev. W. O. Thomson" (who wrote "The Land and the Book").

The following accounts of the action of that Presbytery are found among his papers.

"Extracts from the minutes of the Presbytery of Cincinnati, October 12, 1831.

"Presbytery satisfied with the examination of both

the candidates for ordination, agreed to ordain them this evening, the exercises to commence at seven o'clock. At which time Rev. John Thomson preached the sermon, and the Rev. James Gallaher presided, and gave the charge. And William P. Alexander and William M. Thomson were, according to the rules of our church government, solemnly ordained to the holy ministry, as evangelists, appointed to foreign missions, by prayer and the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery. And the Stated Clerk was directed to furnish the newly ordained evangelists with the necessary testimonials.

"A true copy, John Thomson, Stated Clerk of the Presbytery of Cincinnati.

"This is to certify, that the bearer, the Rev. Wm. P. Alexander, who is appointed by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, a missionary to the Sandwich Islands, is a member of the Presbytery of Cincinnati in good standing; and being about to set out for his field of labor, he is hereby affectionately recommended to the Christian sympathies and fellowship of his missionary brethren, or any other people of God, among whom he may travel or sojourn. Certified at Cincinnati in the State of Ohio, on the 13th day of October, A. D. 1831, and signed on behalf, and by order of, said Presbytery. By John Thomson, Stated Clerk of the Presbytery of Cincinnati."

During visits with Rev. Wm. Dewitt, D. D., at Harrisburg, Pa., on his journeys to and from Princeton, Mr. Alexander made the acquaintance of Miss Mary Ann McKinney, whom he first met while she was engaged in city mission work, and to whom he was married, at Harrisburg, October 25, 1831.

# CHAPTER III.

## VOYAGE TO THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

["For his name's sake they went forth." 3 John 7.]

THE fourth re-inforcement of missionaries for the Hawaiian Islands met in Boston, previous to embarking, to receive instructions from the Prudential Committee of the American Board. On this occasion Dr. Anderson asked Messrs. Alexander and Armstrong and their wives whether they would be willing to undertake a new mission to the Marquesas Islands, provided arrangements could be made for it with the London Mission Society. They assented. This re-inforcement consisted of nineteen persons. They were: Rev. Messrs. Alexander, Armstrong, Lyman, Emerson, Forbes, Hitchcock, Lyons, Spaulding, and their wives, Dr. Chapin and his wife, and Mr. Rogers, a printer. They embarked at New Bedford, November 26, 1831, on the ship *Averick*, Captain Swain. A journal of Mr. Alexander's and reminiscences, written by his wife and others, disclose to us many pictures of their voyage. We quote as follows:—

"*At sea, on board ship Averick, Monday evening, November 28, 1831.*—Day before yesterday, Saturday, November 26, we embarked at New Bedford, Mass. The wharf was crowded with friends, who assembled to bid us adieu. They united with us in singing, 'Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in mutual love,' after which Mr. Green, Assistant Secretary of the Board, led in

prayer. As the sloop, bearing us to the ship, left the shore, we sang, 'Shall we whose souls are lighted,' etc.,—words which seemed to have a new meaning, sung by so large a company, bound on such an errand. . . . Our first business on board was putting our state-rooms in order, and preparing for seasickness, which we did none too soon. Mrs. Hitchcock was the first sick; all the rest soon followed her example. I was not much sick till bed-time."

Some of the other passengers have recorded their view, that it was a mistake for so large a company to have been sent on a vessel with the inadequate accommodations of this. Four berths in the cabin, suitable for single persons, had to be used as double beds, and the rest of the passengers were stowed away in temporary berths on the sides of the after cabin, a dark and dismal place, crowded with boxes, casks, and kegs, in utter confusion.

"Before retiring for the night, Brother Emerson asked permission of the captain to have prayers in the cabin, to which he gave his hearty approbation. I read the 121st psalm, 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, etc.,' and we sang one verse of the hymn, 'Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,' after which I made a short prayer. The captain attended.

"During the night a severe gale of wind arose, and made us all very sick. Sabbath morning none of us were well enough to attend prayers. The captain showed great kindness in every particular. He seemed to watch for opportunities to confer favors. . . . Sabbath night the gale was still more violent; the sea broke over the deck, and swept away some chickens and provisions, given us by friends. This morning I hastened to the

deck. The sea ran very high. All the sails were furled. The fresh air restored me. In the midst of our seasickness we have many things for which we ought to be thankful, the kindness of the captain and other officers, and particularly of the steward and cook, the comforts of our large state-room, and the fact that I have not been so sick but that I could attend to the wants of my dear wife. Here in the wide Atlantic I erect my Ebenezer, hitherto the Lord hath helped me.

"*November 30.*—Yesterday we had so violent a storm that I could not write. At one time it seemed as if everything in the cabin would be broken to pieces. The rope which turns the helm broke, and the swell broke heavily over the ship."

In this storm the casks and boxes broke loose in the cabin, making confusion worse confounded. Such incidents occurred as gentlemen setting a foot into a keg of sugar, and into a firkin of butter.

"I stood on deck an hour. The wind blew fiercely, with rain, hail, and snow. All the sails were furled; our cooking furnace was broken to pieces; the noise in the rigging was so great that speaking trumpets were used to make communications from one part of the deck to another. Most of our missionary company were dreadfully sick. The external seemed to cause internal commotion. I believe I was the only one who had entirely recovered from seasickness. The vessel still groans so much at every lurch that Dr. Chapin wishes it had more oil in its joints, to keep it quiet.

"*Wednesday evening.*—The storm has so much abated that we have the sails spread again, the trunks arranged and lashed in the cabin, so that we sit around the table with comparative quiet and decency. . . .

"*December 1.*—This morning, when I went on deck, I found a number of ladies taking the fresh air. One of them, Mrs. Lyons, fainted, and after she had been revived, through Dr. Chapin's ministrations, I carried her down into the cabin.

"*December 2.*—Mary A., who had been sick several days after seasickness, was able for the first time to come on deck. . . . This evening we agreed to have family prayers at 7 A. M. and 7 P. M., that we preside at prayers and at the table alphabetically a week at a time, and in retrograde order preach on the Sabbath at ten A. M. . . .

"*December 7.*—The weather is becoming more pleasant; the sun has burst through the long-intercepting clouds; the fierce wind has fallen to a pleasant breeze; our noble ship moves majes ically at eight miles an hour. The evening was so favorable that for the first time we had prayers on deck; we sang half an hour, the rolling ocean dashing against the ship, making an impressive accompaniment. . . .

"On the swelling Atlantic. The weather is still delightful. . . . At 5 o'clock A. M. one of our number announces that it is time to rise. At 7 o'clock, morning and evening, when the watch-bell strikes, we assemble on the quarter deck, read a portion of Scripture, sing, and unite in prayer. At these times, when the sun first tinges the Eastern horizon, or when night has begun to spread her dark mantle over the waters, the exercises are very delightful. . . . The ladies begin to fly about like birds in the spring. . . To-day, with much ado, they made us a pudding for dinner, and a pie for supper.

"*December 9.*—Unwell, had a severe chill. . . . .

"*December 22.*—Since the last date I have been too sick to write; and now I write on my bed. I have suffered what the doctor calls an attack of intermittent fever. . . . Being within ten degrees of the equator, and in a close state-room, a burning fever was peculiarly trying. Alleviations: A most kind, attentive wife, always at my side; good steward; kind captain, who had a passage for air cut in my room and also air-sails let down from the deck; and especially the consolations of the gospel. I have had more communion with God during this sickness than all the voyage besides.

"*December 29.*—It has been a week since I wrote. I have not felt able to write during that period. Several things of interest have occurred. Thursday evening last they caught a porpoise, from which one gallon of oil was extracted. Its meat was brought to our table four or five times. Most of the company relished it.

"On Saturday, to our great satisfaction, a school of whales was discovered. We had been destitute of oil ever since the storm, and had used butter and lard instead for our lamps. Four boats were manned and sent off in pursuit of the whales. They caught two and brought them alongside. With long lances they cut them to pieces, taking off the blubber, which is from three to six inches thick, and the whole head, which is filled with choice sperm. During the process many sharks appeared. The captain struck his lance through the head of one, which was then brought on deck. Dr. Chapin took out its teeth; some of the brethren took part of the skin to use instead of sandpaper. . . . The blubber was cut into small pieces and thrown into a boiler, and tried out. . . . About forty barrels of oil were obtained from the two whales. On Sabbath

Captain Swain caught a mess of albicore. The brethren thought it right to eat what was set before them, asking no questions for conscience' sake.

"*January 9, 1832.*—The foremast has been discovered to be rotten, on which account it was resolved, last Saturday, that we go direct to Rio Janeiro, and there get a new mast. We will be detained in our voyage about two weeks, but we can get many things much needed for our comfort.

"Had a long conversation with Captain Swain this afternoon. He is as amiable as the young man told of in the gospels, whom Jesus loved; yet he is of a rather skeptical turn of mind. I trust that the Lord will yet open his eyes. We expect to see land to-morrow morning.

"*January 13.*—This morning, as soon as I awoke, I heard that land was in view. I came on deck and saw the joyful sight. The hills of Cape St. Thomas were well defined twenty miles distant. A fishing sloop being in view, and the wind having fallen to a dead calm, a boat was manned and dispatched to make several inquiries of her, and to obtain fruit. Three of our company, Brethren Emerson, Rogers, and Chapin, went in the boat. The vessel was five miles distant. After hard rowing, they returned with some bananas and plantains. None of the former were ripe; such of the latter as were ripe were to me very unpalatable. They also brought with them a number of fish, rockfish, codfish, fire-eater, and skup. We are now expecting a fine dinner.

"*Saturday, January 14.*—The whole forenoon was spent admiring and sketching South American scenery. We were coasting north of Cape Frio. The view of the

high ridges of land, on three of which lines of white rocks extended, with singular effect, to the summits, was truly grand. Soon after we passed within five miles of an island, on which, with a spy-glass, we could distinctly see trees. The surf raging against the whole extent of the coast was very picturesque. After seeing nothing but ocean for seven weeks, the sight of land is very delightful.

"*Harbor of Rio de Janeiro, January 16.*—Yesterday morning, passing high mountains and hills wildly piled together on either side, we entered this delightful harbor. The rude magnificence of the lofty peaks, covered with tropical vegetation, beggars description. . . . To-day Dr. Chapin and Brother Armstrong went ashore, and ascertained that we could not get board for less than $8.00 per week; we therefore expect to live on board the ship while here.

"*January 18.*—Yesterday our whole company went on shore and explored the city of Rio de Janeiro. . . . We were much impressed with the degradation of the slaves. The city is said to have one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, one hundred thousand of whom are slaves. Every street swarms with droves of them, two-thirds naked, carrying burdens on their heads, or pulling heavy drays, driven in companies, bound together with chains, the links of which are half an inch in diameter, and eight inches long, and which pass around their necks. They were usually yelling a sort of song, to keep step. Military officers are seen at every turn. On almost everything is inscribed the mark of the Roman beast.

"At the street corners and in the markets are abundance of tropical fruits, bananas, plantains, oranges,

limes, cocoanuts, melons, peaches, etc., with confectionery. The Portuguese ladies are kept secluded, by the jealousy of their husbands. When they go abroad they ride in *palanquins*, or close carriages. For this reason the nine ladies in our company were observed with much curiosity. While I was engaged in shopping, Mary A. and others of our company took a delightful ramble to the top of a high hill. We dined at the tavern of Mrs. Johnstone. We then visited a garden, where we saw bread-fruit, coffee, lemons, oranges, plantains, etc., growing in their native luxuriance. At six o'clock we returned to the ship, fatigued, but gratified with our visit.

"This morning I again visited the city. With Brethren Armstrong and Rogers I ascended the hill, five hundred feet high, on which the telegraph signal is placed, from which we had a fine view of the city of tile-covered houses. We visited the Convent of St. Antonio, in the garden of which is a cistern of *holy* water, that was *foul* and *stagnant*. We were taken into several rooms, ornamented with carved and gilt representations of saints and angels, splendid monuments of superstition and folly. . . . Saturday we visited the museum. It excels in ornithology, mineralogy, and specimens of insects, and contains fifty Egyptain mummies. . . . Sabbath, escorted by four captains in their respective boats, and one Portuguese boat sent by Mr. Kerr, of Botofogo, we went to the *Tuscaloosa*, Captain Chase, of Baltimore, where the Bethel flag was waving. I preached to a most interesting audience. Our observation of the city greatly impresses us with the fact that it is missionary ground. The people are ignorant, superstitious, and vile. Oh! when shall the true light of the gospel prevail here?

"*Saturday, February 11.*—Last Saturday, the 4th inst., we resumed our voyage. The numerous formalities through which Captain Swain was obliged to pass before he was allowed to sail, were very vexatious. All things were supposed to be in readiness on the Friday previous, and we hoisted sail early, but were soon visited by an officer of Government and informed that we could not proceed till each of the passengers had obtained passports. With a fine breeze we glided out of the harbor delightfully. A few of the company became seasick.

"*February 15.*—Multitudes of Mother Carey's chickens, haylets, and albatrosses around us. Brother Spaulding caught an albatross, which measured nine feet from tip to tip of the wings—a beautiful bird. The circumstances of its capture were written on a thin board, fastened to its neck, and it was then set at liberty.

". . . . A violent storm! We cannot sit at table without holding on. . . .

"*February 20.*—The sea rougher than before since we started. The water broke in under the dead-lights, and into our berth, soaking through both mattresses.

"*March 2.*—Yesterday we overtook a vessel, which we had seen ahead more than a week, and passed her in speaking distance, the *Friendship*, of Fairhaven, eighty-two days at sea, bound on a whaling expedition. . . .

"'False as the smooth, deceitful sea.' Yesterday morning the ocean was as smooth as a lake, and when we retired last night all was quiet, the vessel almost motionless, but before midnight the fiercest storm we have yet witnessed arose. The vessel labored hard over the mountain waves, her timbers groaning, and her whole frame trembling, and the cabin was thrown into

great confusion. . . . But tossed and rolling thus how sweet to feel that Jehovah is our God and refuge.

"This morning a heavy shower of rain and hail fell and the air was very cold. We set up a stove, but were almost suffocated by the smoke, and took it down. This afternoon the storm is abating.

"*March 4.*—This morning going on deck at 5 o'clock, I heard the cry of, "Land-ho." It was the rough heights of Terra del Fuego, forty miles distant. Soon after we came in sight of Staten Island, more rugged than the former, its mountain-tops covered with snow, though it is now here the month of autumn, the thermometer at 42 degrees Fahr.

"*March 6.*—This morning it snowed rapidly; now the deck rattles with rain and hail.

"*March 8.*—We have three studding-sails set, an unusual thing off Cape Horn. On Tuesday night last an incident occurred which we all greatly regret. The captain's chronometer stopped. We must henceforth find our longitude by our watches, and by lunar observations.

"*March 12.*—Yesterday we entered the Pacific; Brother Forbes preached in the cabin. I met a number of sailors, and read with them the first part of the sixth chapter of Matthew, and conversed freely with them. Most of them are Universalists. . . . The Spirit of God can make even these hardy sailors new creatures.

"To-day the *Friendship* sent a boat to our ship for oil. It was interesting, on the trackless waters of the great Southern ocean, for Brethren Emerson and Spaulding to meet, as they did, an old acquaintance, a pious man, in this boat.

"*March 9.*—Strong winds and high sea; everything

not made fast fetching away; Mary A. again seasick and distressed with toothache. The vessel rocks too violently for me to write more.

"*March 20.*—We now move like a race horse, nine and a half miles per hour. . . . Mary A. collected courage enough to take a seat at the lee side of the ship, while Dr. Chapin applied cold steel to the tooth which troubled her yesterday. Brother Armstrong held the light, and in a few moments the important work was done. . . .

"*March 26.*—I begin to realize that I am far from the land of my birth. Having traversed more than 9,000 miles on the mighty deep, I find myself smoothly gliding over the waters of the Pacific. But though friends are distant, God is near; his love and protection unceasingly hover over us. Those in our company who have been brought low with sickness begin to recover,—Sisters Spaulding, Emerson, and Chapin. The weather is almost enchanting, thermometer at 60 degrees Fahr. . . . Yesterday I preached in the cabin, from Romans 1 : 16: 'I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.' In the evening we had conference on the best method to fasten truth on the mind of a Universalist. The captain seemed affected by the remarks. If it were not for brandy I would have some hopes for him.

"*March 29.*—Just before dinner the unexpected cry of 'Land-ho' was heard on deck, and repeated in the cabin. It was ascertained that Massa Fuero, a high island, uninhabited, except by a few fishermen who visit it occasionally to catch seals, was thirty miles distant. We are now steering for Juan Fernandez, the famous residence of Alexander Selkirk, *alias* Robinson Crusoe, on which we hope to place our feet to-morrow morning. With

the known longitude of Massa Fuero, we have corrected our watches for Greenwich time.

"*March 30.*—Owing to the darkness last night we lay to, not willing to risk the danger of running ashore. The land is five miles distant, very bold and rugged. At daybreak we descried a ship, and within an hour came within speaking distance, and found her to be the *Friendship*, which we had seen off Cape Horn.

". . . *Monday, April 2.*—Last Saturday I returned to the ship from a visit to the fairy isle of Juan Fernandez, so fatigued that I could not write notes of my jaunt. An hour and a half before dawn a boat was lowered, in which Captain Swain and Brother Spaulding and Dr. Chapin went ashore. At eleven A. M. the boat returned for some articles for trading. In this and another boat all the remaining gentlemen of our company went ashore. We had a long pull of seven miles. As we approached the shore, the scenery of the lofty hills, two thousand feet high, was wild and picturesque. The hills are composed of trap, greenstone, and basalt, in every stage of decomposition. We landed in a little village, the *seat of the empire*, consisting of twenty-five thatched houses covered with bamboo canes, and thirteen caves. A company of human beings, seeming half savage, met us, and eyed us with much curiosity. At length an Englishman, Thomas, who is employed here for catching seals, asked whether we wished to see Captain Swain, and informed us that we would find him upstairs in 'the big house,' to which we accordingly repaired. A man genteelly dressed met us at the door, who we afterwards learned was a convict, sent from Chili, for treason. With his guidance we ascended the stairs, with baskets on our arms, which we had brought for gathering curiosi-

ties, and were heartily welcomed by the governor, who informed us that he was *king* of the island, that he was happy to see us, and that he would be very much gratified if we would bring our wives ashore, and remain with him several weeks. By invitation we dined with him on bread, butter, cheese, ham, fried eggs, and lettuce. His majesty accompanied us to the caves, himself leading the way into their dismal apartments. They are dug into the hill behind the village in two tiers, three in the lower and ten in the upper tier, and are one hundred and fifteen feet in length. In one of the upper caverns we found a blacksmith at work with rude sledges, anvil, and bellows and over his furnace a cross. In the far end of another we found a pulpit with a golden cross. This den, his majesty informed us, was '*templum sacrum*,' These caves are a penitentiary for convicts from Chili. I could not but be amused at the ludicrous royalty which Josef Lacrier, the governor, displayed. He furnished us with a guide, who conducted us up a ravine, covered with brakes, spearmint, rue and balm, to the summit of a hill. Here Selkirk could have exclaimed, 'I am monarch of all I survey.' At about sunset we returned to the ship, taking small supplies of beans, potatoes, peaches, and a few fowls and eggs. Potatoes cost $4.00 per bushel. There are three hundred and eighhty-six inhabitants on the island, of whom two are officers, forty-six soldiers, seventy-three females, wives of soldiers, one hundred and five convicts, and one hundred and sixty freemen, farmers. . . . . This is truly a romantic island. But, like Rio Janeiro, it is the seat of Satan.

"*April 9.*—For a number of days the trade-winds have borne us forward six or eight miles an hour, and yet so quietly that, seated in the cabin, we can scarcely per-

ceive that the ship is in motion. Two days ago we entered the Torrid Zone, in which all our company expect to lay their bones. Though my faith is weak and heart hard, I rejoice that I am drawing near the field of labor, and, oh, that I may prove faithful unto the end!

". . . . *April 13*.—The wind has blown so steadily for five or six days that the situation of no sail has been altered; the thermometer in the cabin at 78 Fahr.; the sick almost well; the well almost sick with heat; many flying-fish seen; all the crew tarring the rigging. . . .

"*May 5*.—Two days ago the northeast trades took us, and since that time we have been borne forward on the wings of the wind, eight or ten miles per hour, with frequent squalls of rain. . . . Writing-desks are in great requisition for preparing letters to send to America, after we land. . . . Tropical birds, perfectly white, with a single long feather for a tail, often flutter over the mast, uttering a hoarse note like that of a wild goose. . . . At a business meeting Brother Spaulding was appointed to write a letter to the Board, and I to write one expressing our thanks to the captain.

"*Tuesday, May 15*.—Within two days' sail of Oahu, if our calculation of longitude is correct. I can hardly realize that I am so soon to be in the midst of heathen, amongst whom I am to spend my life. To-day I have been very busy setting things in order for landing. Last Sabbath Brother Emerson preached an excellent sermon from the text, 'Ho, everyone that thirsteth.' Yesterday evening Brother Emerson, Spaulding and I went forward and conversed long with the seamen, relative to the temptations to which they will be exposed in entering port, and persuaded most of them to sign a pledge

to refrain from drunkenness and vice. We were astonished and delighted at our success.

"*Wednesday, May 16.*—This morning at ten o'clock the lofty heights of Maui appeared before us in distant splendor. Soon after Molokai was seen. We sailed along the whole length of Molokai within five to ten miles of the shore, when just before us, we descried the lofty highlands of Oahu. Now at a distance of twenty miles from Oahu, the ship is 'hove to' for the night. The Lord has greatly prospered us and blessed be his name. Oh, that entering on our labors in his strength, we may be made wise to win souls!"

# CHAPTER IV.

## ARRIVAL AT THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

"*HONOLULU, Friday, May 18, 1832.*—Yesterday morning at day-break I found the island, Oahu, but a few miles distant. With a favorable wind, we rounded Diamond Head, and cast anchor in the outer harbor, before eight o'clock A. M. 'The town looked like a city of hay-stacks; only grass houses were to be seen; I believe there were one or two frame houses' Soon we were surrounded by natives in their canoes, bringing milk and eggs for sale, some of them altogether naked, except the *malo*. The scenes of Rio de Janeiro had prepared me in some measure for such a spectacle; still the appearance of the natives was shocking; at the first sight the ladies shrunk away, and hastened to the cabin.

"Very soon we received a hearty welcome from Brethren Clark, Dibble, Green, Ruggles, and Whitney. They brought us some of the best water-melons I have ever tasted. At ten o'clock we came ashore. The wharf was covered with thousands of natives, whom curiosity and affection had brought to see us. Some of the ladies, who were ill, were conveyed to the house of Mr. Chamberlain, on a cart drawn by natives. Mrs. Emerson has related that 'the old mission wagon was in waiting at the beach, and Mrs. Armstrong and I entered it. We were drawn by a team of native men, pulling

and pushing. This method of riding seemed so comical that I could not suppress a laugh, but looking about and seeing the grave faces of Messrs. Bingham and Whitney, I perceived that they saw nothing unusual, and concluded it was time to put on my customary sober face.' Those of us who walked were followed by crowds anxiously pressing before each other, to give us the customary salutation, '*Aloha*.'

"All of us having assembled at the house of Mr. Chamberlain, together with all the old missionary brethren and sisters who were at this station, for the annual general meeting, Mr. Bingham read the general letter from the Board to the mission, after which we united in singing the hymn beginning, 'Kindred and friends, for Christ's dear sake a hearty welcome you receive,' when we knelt together and Mr. Bingham led in offering thanksgiving and praise for our preservation during the voyage and safe arrival here. It was a truly affecting interview, a company composed of old soldiers who have borne the burden and heat of the day, and nineteen others who are just buckling on the armor.

"Immediately after the meeting, we were distributed among the various mission families who reside here. Mary A. and myself were comfortably lodged in an airy, commodious upper room of Mr. Chamberlain's house.

"*Saturday, May 19.*—We were introduced to the young king to-day (not yet king, for there was a regent). He received us very politely, welcomed us to the Hawaiian shores, acknowledged the great good the nation had received from missionary labors, and expressed great pleasure at the increase of their numbers. A short address made to him in the name of the newly-arrived missionaries was interpreted to him by Brother

Bingham." "Then accompanied by the king and his chiefs we walked to the house of Kaahumanu, the queen regent of the islands, formerly a favorite wife of Kamehameha I. She was occupying a large grass house partitioned into two rooms by a calico curtain. She sat in a large wooden arm-chair, attended by two maids of honor wielding *kahilis*. She was dressed in an unbleached cotton gown, and wore a wreath of *pandanus* fruit around her neck." (Mrs. Armstrong's sketches.) "She received us with tears of joy. She was very ill and unable to speak much; we therefore soon withdrew.

"In consideration of the kindness of Captain Swain, I handed him to-day the following letter, which I had prepared at the request of the company:—

"HONOLULU, May 17, 1832.

"CAPT. EDWARD SWAIN: When on the 26th of November, we saw the last wave of the hat on the shores of New Bedford, we felt emotions which none but friends can feel. An occasion is at hand adapted to excite similar emotions. Soon, dear sir, we must bid you farewell; and we should do violence to our feelings did we not make some expression of gratitude for the many favors you have conferred upon us during a long and perilous voyage. Merely to say that you have always treated us with kindness and respect, would be doing you injustice. The watchful solicitude of a parent or brother has been the uniform characteristic of your conduct towards us. When the raging storm has thrown everything into confusion, your voice has quickly cheered us, your hand has restored order, and with watchful anxiety you have sought out and anticipated our wants. When we have been brought low with sickness, you have spared no effort which tender kindness could suggest, to make our situation pleasant. Whether in the storm or when the cheering

breeze has borne us pleasantly along, whether at sea or in port, your amiable, frank, generous deportment towards us has been the same. It gives us pleasure to make these acknowledgments; and we trust the God whom we serve will abundantly reward you.

"Please present to the other officers our unfeigned thanks for the numerous acts of kindness they have conferred upon us. And should a few more days close our intercourse on earth, oh, sir, let us labor to become fellow-heirs of that rich inheritance laid up in Heaven for those who love God. The close of our voyage reminds us that the voyage of life will soon be over, and whatever amiability of character we may here possess, and however large a portion of social bliss we may here enjoy, we are sure that none will then be safe except those who have fled to the Lord Jesus for refuge. Let us therefore seek above all things to have Christ Jesus for our pilot, that we may make the same happy port. Wherever you go our affections shall follow you, and our prayer shall be, that He who neither slumbers nor sleeps, who has preserved us amid dangers, and given us a prosperous voyage, may still be with you, and make you a partaker of his great salvation. Then you will be able to say with the poet:—

"'Tossed upon life's raging billow,
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know
Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,
And canst feel a sailor's woe;
Never slumbering, never sleeping,
Though the night be dark and drear,
Thou the faithful watch art keeping,
"All, all's well," thy constant cheer.'

"Most affectionately yours."

It was signed by all the brethren and sisters of the company.

"*Sabbath, May 20.*—At half past nine A. M. attended native service; more than four thousand hearers. Mr. Bingham preached. The services were held in an im-

mense thatched house. There was a box-like pulpit perched upon one side in the middle of the house, and a few rude benches on which the teachers and chiefs sat; nearly all the congregation sat upon the floor, which had been strewed with rushes for the purpose. At eleven A. M. I preached in English.

"*June 5.*—At four o'clock this morning Kaahumanu, the queen regent, died in the Valley of Manoa, whither she had been carried a few days before with the hope that the coolness of the situation would benefit her health. In her the natives have lost a chief magistrate in whom they justly confided, and whom they ardently loved. The mission has lost a mother, a judicious counselor, and a firm, unshaken supporter; but Heaven has received a soul cleansed by the blood of Christ from the foulest stains of heathenism, infanticide, and abominable pollution. She was the first native convert on the island of Oahu."

# CHAPTER V.

## THE DEPUTATION TO THE ENGLISH MISSIONARIES AT THE SOCIETY ISLANDS.

SOON after his arrival at Honolulu Mr Alexander was appointed to go with Messrs. Whitney and Tinker as a deputation from the Hawaiian Mission to the English Mission at the Society Islands.

The object of this deputation, as explained by Mr. Alexander in a letter to Thos. T. Skillmann, of Lexington, Kentucky, was "to confer with the English missionaries of the Society and Georgian Islands in regard to the Marquesas, and to form some plan of co-operation with them in sending the gospel to all the islands and shores of the Pacific, and also to learn from their experience in missionary labor among Polynesian tribes whatever might be useful to others laboring in a similar field. The deputation was also to visit the Marquesas Islands, and if no obstacle existed, to take such preliminary steps towards establishing a mission among them as they should judge expedient. Rev. C. S. Stewart had visited the Northern Marquesas in July, 1829, in the U. S. *Vincennes*, and arrived in America in the summer of 1830. The deep interest he felt, and the exertions he made, decided the American Board to commence a mission there as soon as possible."

They sailed from Honolulu July 18, 1832, on the schooner *Missionary Packet*, which had been chartered

for the expedition. They were accompanied by Tute, a teacher from Huahine, who had been taken to Oahu by Mr. Ellis in 1823.

LETTER OF INTRODUCTION GIVEN TO THE DEPUTATION TO THE SOCIETY ISLANDS.

"SANDWICH ISLANDS, July 18, 1832.

"DEAR BRETHREN: By the 'living epistles,' which in the good providence of God we are allowed to send you as our beloved fellow-laborers, you will receive the salutations of all your brethren at the Sandwich Islands, and be made acquainted with our state.

"You will permit us, therefore, to introduce to your acquaintance and to your Christian fellowship, our brethren, the Rev. Messrs. Whitney, Tinker and Alexander, members of our mission, who, in compliance with your polite invitation and our own long-cherished wishes, have been duly appointed to visit your stations at the Society and Georgian Islands, and to confer with you on the state of the islands in the Pacific, and on the methods most advisable for extending the kingdom of our glorious Redeemer throughout all the isles and shores of this vast ocean.

"In view of the wisdom, zeal and success with which you have so long engaged in the missionary work, your extensive acquaintance with Polynesian tribes and Polynesian character, and the means of winning them to the cause of Christ, and the freedom, candor and friendship which have hitherto marked, and which, we trust, will continue to mark, the communications between you and us, we expect to derive great benefit from the results of your experience and observation, communicated freely to our deputation, and from such information as you will be able to give, and such views, opinions and considerations as you will be able to present, individually or collectively, on any and every part of the great subject for which, at considerable expense and sacrifice, this expedition has been undertaken.

"Every favor will be thankfully acknowledged by your brethren and fellow-laborers in the service of our common Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

H. BINGHAM,
"In behalf of the Mission."

They reached the Society Islands August 22, and spent four weeks among them; during which time they visited Raiatea, Huahine, Tahiti and Eimeo. They were received with the utmost cordiality by the English missionaries, who gave them much valuable information and counsel. From a brief journal kept during the trip and letters to Mr. Skillmann the following extracts are taken:—

"*August 23, 1832.*—Early this morning we were boarded by a native pilot, and conducted into the harbor

of Utumaoro, at the northeast point of Raiatea. Three green islets at the entrance to the harbor contribute much to the beauty of the scene. On one side was the island of Raiatea, completely covered with verdure, from the sea to the summits of the mountains, the hibiscus and other shrubs overhanging the salt water around the harbor, while on the north side, beyond a large lagoon, is the island of Tahaa, on which we could discern a chapel near the shore. We landed on a coral wharf, constructed by Rev. John Williams, and were soon met by Messrs. Williams, Platt and Smith, and conducted to the mission house, where we united in thanksgiving to God for the privilege of meeting under such circumstances. . . . Before we landed we had been much struck with the dilapidated appearance of the houses, most of which seemed to be almost in ruins, of which we now learned the cause. For twelve months past the people of this island and Tahaa have been engaged in war with those of Bolabola (northwest of Tahaa)."

This war had been impending for ten years, and at last, in spite of the missionaries, it had burst forth, involving the inhabitants of three islands, and sadly injuring the churches by arraying the church-members against each other. "Out of many hundreds who had cheered the missionaries as Christian converts only a few could now be received to Christian fellowship. The final battle had been fought a short time before we arrived. The dilapidated houses and uninclosed gardens gave evidence of the fury of the strife.

"We were glad, however, to find the rulers making vigorous efforts to restore order. The day before we arrived they had resolved to strike at the root of the intemperance, which had greatly increased during the

war, by destroying all the distilleries. The work of destruction had advanced so far that all the large distilleries but one were lying in ruins, and that one they were pulling down when we arrived. They had also appointed persons to go around the island, and break all the stone pans which the people had made for the purpose of distilling.

"We had an interview with Tamatoa, the king, and his chiefs, Mr. Williams acting as interpreter. The palace was a miserable hovel. The king and all his retinue, except one man, were dressed in native costume. The women wore bonnets, but *tapa* clothing. We presented an address to the king and chiefs, giving the salutation of the Hawaiian chiefs, and exhorting them to be steadfast in peace and firm in putting down intemperance. They promised to attend to our advice, and professed to rejoice in our arrival as a sick man does when he sees a good physician.

"As Mr. Williams is about to make a tour among the out-stations in the Hervey and Samoan groups, it was judged expedient that he should accompany us immediately to Huahine, that we might consult with him and Mr. Barff together.

"We accordingly weighed anchor at two o'clock P. M., and having a very favorable westerly wind, we found ourselves after three hours' sail in Fare Harbor, at the northwest corner of Huahine, twenty-two miles east of Raiatea, a most enchanting harbor. (See Ellis, Vol. 2, p. 249.) Immediately after landing we were accompanied by Mr. Williams to the chapel where Mr. Barff was conducting an afternoon service. About two hundred people were assembled. He paused on our entrance until we were introduced to him and to Mr. Buzacott, a

missionary from Rarotonga. He soon brought the services to a close, and we were animated with the peculiarly lively music with which the people sang the closing hymn, to one of the old fuguing tunes.

"The assembly presented a neat aspect, seated on benches. Each woman wore a neat bonnet of native manufacture, and a web of white tapa constituted the remaining part of her dress. The men had generally a shirt apiece, and in addition a 'purau' of native cloth or mat around the loins.

"We then walked with the brethren to the residence of Mr. Barff, where we were very kindly received by his family. They occupied a whitewashed, framed house of seven rooms built of native timbers, and thatched with *lau hala*. The yard was full of sugar-cane, and contained twelve large bread-fruit trees, besides limes, coffee, etc.

"The object of our visit was introduced, and we conversed till after twelve o'clock. The brethren here at the leeward islands never interfere with the affairs of those at the windward, consequently they have nothing to say about the Marquesas Islands.

"*August 24.*—After dinner we went to the site of Mr. Ellis' house, and saw the orange and coffee trees which he planted. His residence was situated far up a most verdant valley watered by a delightful river. We saw many bread-fruit and cocoanut trees lying on the ground, which we learned were blown down by a gale last December, which also demolished the school-house here and the church building at Raiatea.

"*Saturday, August 25.*—This is the Sabbath here, and we accordingly observed it as such. (N. B.—The English missionaries, who had come by the way of the

Cape of Good Hope, differed a day in reckoning from the Americans, who had come by the way of Cape Horn, so that their Sunday came on our Saturday.) At nine A. M. Mr. Williams preached to about four hundred hearers, more neatly dressed, as a whole, than congregations at Honolulu, everyone having at least a piece of clean white native cloth thrown around him. About a dozen men and two women were dressed in European clothing. Most of the women wore bonnets, and most of the men had shirts.

"After this service Mr. Tinker preached in English at Mr. Barff's house from the text, 'Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.' (This sermon is published in 'Life and Sermons of Reuben Tinker.') In the afternoon I attended Sabbath-school.

". . . At half past three P. M. Mr. Whitney preached a sermon in Tahitian, which he had prepared, with Tute's help, during the voyage."

"The exercises of the Sabbath are: Prayer-meeting at sunrise, Sabbath-school immediately after breakfast, Preaching at half past nine A. M., Sabbath-school at two P. M., and Preaching again at three P. M. But when I speak of a Sabbath-school, you are very liable to misunderstand me, for you will at once think of a Sabbath-school in Lexington; but they have little resemblance except in name, and in the fact that religious truth is communicated in both. To have a just notion of a Sabbath-school in the South Seas, you should be informed that during the week the children are assembled every morning at sunrise, when their teacher reads portions of Scripture and of the Catechism, which the children with one voice repeat after him till they have committed it to memory. The amount thus learned con-

stitutes the recitation for the Sabbath-school; in addition to which the pastor asks the children some questions, and gives them some appropriate instruction.

"*August 26.*—Having a fair wind to go to Tahiti, at four P. M. we weighed anchor, being accompanied a little way by Messrs. Barff, Williams and Buzacott, who handed us a farewell letter.

"*August 29.*—Early in the morning a native pilot boarded us, and conducted us into the delightful harbor of Papeete on the northwest side of Tahiti. We received a cordial welcome from Mr. Pritchard, who, with his amiable wife, soon made us feel at home. . . . In the afternoon we had a pleasant walk on the Queen's Highway, which extends almost entirely around the island; it is often called the Sinners' Road, because it has been built by sinners as the reward for their iniquity. The part of it which we traversed is delightfully shaded by a forest of bread-fruit and widespreading *ti* trees.

"After supper we conversed freely on various topics. In reference to the children of missionaries, Mr. Pritchard stated that no subject gave them so much anxiety; that now no one dissented from the opinion that it is better for the children, in every point of view, to send them home to England; better, too, for the mission, as they, if corrupted, would counteract the work of their parents. (It was observed that some of the English missionaries intrusted their children to native nurses, who took them away to their own homes in the morning and brought them back at night. The consequence was that the children not only learned the native language before English, but also learned the vices of the natives. The report of the deputation on this subject resulted in the salutary regulation that none of the

children of the American missionaries should be allowed, while young, to speak the Hawaiian language.)

"*August 30.*—As next Tuesday will be the most convenient day for the brethren to meet and confer with us, Mr. Pritchard has sent a request to each of them that they assemble at his station at that time. To improve the time we resolved to visit Messrs. Nott and Wilson to-day. At six A. M. we embarked in a large whale-boat, with Mr. Pritchard at the helm, for Matavai, some eight miles to the northeast. About eight o'clock we landed at Matavai, opposite Mr. Wilson's, who was one of the pioneers on the *Duff*. After breakfast we walked to Pt. Venus, where Captain Cook made his astronomical observations in 1768, passing through a large orange grove planted by the first missionaries soon after they arrived, near the site of their first dwelling. . . . We returned to the church, a well-constructed framed building, inclosed by a stone wall. In the church-yard are a number of graves, in one of which lies the wife of a Mr. Jones, a former missionary here. . . . We re-embarked at two P. M., and stopped on the way to call on Mr. Henry Nott, one of the first missionaries, who arrived in 1797, but appears still hale and vigorous. He is revising the Tahitian Bible. . . . Walked across the point and visited the queen regent, and saw the royal mausoleum, situated in a grove of the spreading chestnut. Entered the boat again and came on to the residence of Mr. George Bicknell, nephew of a former missionary of that name, his house neat, and all about him comfortable. Arrived in Papeete before sunset.

"*September 1.*—Tahitian Sabbath. About one hundred and twenty people attended the prayer-meeting at sunrise. Tute conducted the services and made an

address. . . . At nine A. M. Mr. Pritchard preached to about three hundred natives. During the services an old woman in the gallery kept the young people in order by making a liberal use of a long rod. My attention was frequently called from the preacher by the sound of the blows she inflicted. . . . The Lord's Supper was afterwards administered to about a hundred, in which ordinance bread-fruit was used instead of bread, and the wine was mingled with cocoanut milk, sweetened with molasses. At eleven o'clock Mr. Tinker preached in English from the text, 'If the Lord be God, serve him; if Baal, serve him,' to about twenty hearers. At half past three Mr. Whitney preached his Tahitian sermon. After supper the 'Utica Letter on Revivals' was read by Mr. Tinker.

"*September 3.*—This morning Mr. Armitage arrived here from the island of Eimeo, or Moorea, bringing us a letter from Mr. Simpson, Principal of the South Sea Academy, in which he cordially welcomes us, and bids us go forward and occupy the Marquesas. Mr. Armitage was sent out in 1821 to instruct the natives in spinning and weaving cotton. (See Ellis, Vol. 2, page 296.) About nine A. M. Mr. Darling, who came out in 1817, arrived from Burder's Point, or Punaauia, on the west side of the island. (He had recently visited the Marquesas Islands, and made a report on them.) At two P. M. we met in the school-house. Mr. Nott was chosen Moderator, and the meeting opened with prayer by Mr. Davies. We then stated the various steps which the A. B. C. F. M. had taken in reference to the Marquesas Islands, and the fact that four missionary families were now at hand ready to carry the gospel thither, provided no obstacle existed. They, on the other hand, stated

the various measures which the London Missionary Society had taken to plant the gospel in that field since 1797; that the state of the people having recently worn a more pleasing aspect, they had requested the London Missionary Society to send six missionaries to labor in those islands, and that a mission there could be very conveniently sustained from the Georgian Islands, which were comparatively near. The conversation, which lasted several hours, was very frank and open, and a fraternal spirit prevailed. . . . It was at length agreed, only one dissenting, that it is not probable that the six missionaries referred to will be sent out, because before the request from the Tahitian Mission could have arrived in London, the Directors of the London Missionary Society would have been informed that American missionaries were on their way to the Pacific, destined for the Marquesas Islands. At most, more than two cannot be expected. They therefore

"'*Resolved*, That our brethren be recommended to wait until we hear from England on the subject of the Marquesas mission; but, if this be impracticable, that they may be recommended to occupy one group of the islands, leaving the other for our missionaries, should any be sent for that field of labor; and further, in case none be sent, that they occupy the whole.'"

We have only brief notes of a tour of the remaining mission stations in Tahiti, from which the following extracts are taken:—

"*September 5*.—Arose early and started in a whale-boat about seven A. M., arriving at Burder's Point (or Puunauia in Atehuru) at nine A. M. Breakfasted with Mr. Darling and afterwards went through the fine new chapel, the printing office, etc. We re-embarked at eleven A. M. and were shown the place where the last battle with the heathen party was fought. Landed

again and walked along the Queen's Highway. A boy got cocoanuts for us, and an old woman gave us *fei* bananas. We greatly enjoyed the scenery.

"In Papara we called upon the young queen and her retinue. Afterwards, followed by noisy, shouting boys and girls, we marched up to the residence of Rev. John Davies. Had a long conversation with him about native schools and teachers. Slept comfortably after walking eleven miles.

"*September 6.*—Breakfasted at daylight and walked across a point two miles to meet the boat. Crossed several streams as yesterday, on the backs of men. Sailed on over coral forests. The hills more verdant than yesterday. When we came within four miles of Mr. Orsmond's station, in Taiarapu (the eastern peninsula), the strong wind obliged us again to land and walk. We crossed an arm of the sea in a very small canoe. Were received by Brother Orsmond and his wife with much affection. Attended the Friday evening meeting, at which Mr. Pritchard examined the congregation on the sermon of last Sabbath, after which about eight arose one by one and delivered speeches, composed of Scripture and as much of former sermons as they could remember. The little children sang finely.

"*September 7.*—Mr. Orsmond conversed very freely about the character of his people, about their superstitions, and the late war at Raiatea. Mr. Orsmond had charge of the South Sea Academy for seven years. 'Oh, send your children to America,' said he, and gave cogent reasons for his advice, drawn from his own observations. The people brought us presents of articles of food.

"*Saturday, September 8 (Tahitian Sunday).*—Prayer-

meeting at sunrise. Sabbath-school at eight A. M. At nine A. M. Mr. Pritchard preached to the natives. At eleven sermon in English by myself. Afternoon, sermon by Mr. Whitney; questions on the morning sermon and speeches. Evening, discussion of the salary and 'common stock' systems of support.

"*September 9* (*Tahitian Monday*).—After breakfast took leave of Mr. and Mrs. Orsmond and their interesting family of eight children, and at eight A. M. pulled away for Papara, leaving behind the wooded hills of Taiarapu. . . . Landed nearly opposite Mr. Henry's plantation at twelve o'clock, and visited his sugar works, mill, etc. Went up to his house on the hill and took dinner with Mrs. Henry, whose husband was absent in the Colonies. We re-embarked at three P. M. and landed at the great *morai* which was building when Wallis discovered the island in 1767. We climbed to its summit, built chiefly of the coral rock, fifty feet high and two hundred feet long. We walked on to Papara, crossing the streams as usual on men's shoulders. Visited Father Davies' very neat chapel, and took a pleasant stroll with Mr. Tinker. . . .

"*September 10.*—Returned to Papeete.

"*September 11.*—Bade farewell to Tahiti, and weighed anchor at noon. At four P. M. anchored in Taru, or Opunohu Harbor, at the north end of Eimeo, and on landing were cordially received by Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Simpson, Principals of the South Sea Academy at Papetoai." A letter written to Mr. Thos. Skillmann, October 13, gives the following account of this institution: "It has hitherto been the wish of the London Missionary Society that the missionaries' children should take up their permanent abode in the islands. Accordingly provision has been made for their education.

"The South Sea Academy, instituted for this purpose, was opened in March, 1824, at Afareaitu, in the southwest part of the island of Eimeo, under the superintendence of Mr. and Mrs. Orsmond, under whose charge it continued for seven years. It is now under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, and its location has been changed to 'Blest Town,' in the district of Papetoai, of the same island. When we visited that island we spent two days at the academy. The house is a framed building, about one hundred and twenty-five feet long. The apartments at the east end are appropriated to the boys for lodgings and recitation-rooms, and the west end for the girls. The dining-room and family apartments are in the center. In front a yard of about three acres in extent, affording ample sporting-ground for the children, is inclosed by a substantial stone wall, beyond which the children are not allowed to go unless accompanied by their instructors.

"On Saturday, September 13, we examined the children on the studies of the previous week. Their advancement in the knowledge of English grammar, geography and history was respectable for children of their age. In written composition they are very prone to fall into the Tahitian idiom, yet it is believed that the school will greatly facilitate their acquisition of the English language. The children are allowed the privileges of this institution until they are fourteen years of age, when, being supposed to be capable of providing for themselves, they are no longer supported by the London Missionary Society." The society allowed them £10 apiece, if necessary, per annum. There were at this time eleven girls and ten boys in the South Sea Academy, who were each introduced to Mr. Alexander. He

speaks of dining with Mr. and Mrs. Armitage, who were endeavoring to promote industry among the people—especially in the cultivation of cotton and indigo.

"*September 13.*—News was received that the U. S. frigate *Potomac*, Commodore Downs, had arrived at Papeete, or 'Wilks' Harbor,' from Honolulu. After consultation it was agreed that we should return to Papeete, taking with us Mrs. Simpson, who needed medical advice. At one P. M. we bade farewell to the children and to the romantic, rugged isle of Eimeo, were becalmed an hour or two, and at seven P. M. ran safely into the harbor of Papeete. I found Rev. Mr. Grier, the chaplain of the *Potomac*, at Mr. Pritchard's, and letters from Honolulu.

"*Saturday, September 14.*—Tahitian Sunday. At nine A. M. Mr. Pritchard preached in native, and at eleven I preached in English. The Commodore and purser were present. The Commodore, purser, chaplain, and Mr. Warriner, mathematical instructor, took dinner with us."

They appear to have finally sailed for the Marquesas on the 18th. The remainder of the trip is related in the two following letters to Mr. Thomas Skillmann, written on board of the *Missionary Packet:*—

"October 13.

"DEAR SIR: After much pleasant intercourse with the brethren at Tahiti, taking our leave of them, we weighed anchor September 18, and steered away for the Marquesas Islands. It being impossible to sail directly from Tahiti to the Marquesas, we ran out to the south into the variable winds, by which we could get far enough east to be able to fetch those islands with the southeast trade-winds.

"This led us to pass through the group called the

Austral Islands, in all of which the gospel has been introduced by native teachers from Tahiti. We passed in sight of three of them,—Rurutu, Tubuai and Raivavai—at the former of which we called.

"Rurutu—called by Captain Cook Oheteroa—is situated in south latitude 20° 27′, and west longitude 150° 41′. In 1820 a large number of its inhabitants forsook it in consequence of a contagious disease which raged there at that time, and went to Tubuai, which lies about one hundred miles to the southeast. After remaining there for some time, attempting to return, they were driven out of their course by a storm, and, after drifting at the mercy of the waves for three weeks, their canoe struck on the reefs that surround Maurua—the most westerly of the Society Islands. They were hospitably received, and assisted in getting to Raiatea, where everything appeared new and surprising. They became pupils of the missionaries, and publicly renounced idolatry. Shortly afterwards, accompanied by two Tahitian teachers, they were taken back to Rurutu in a whale-ship, and they soon induced the whole population to renounce idolatry. Some Raiateans, who had accompanied them, returned home, taking a boat load of their idols to the missionaries as an evidence that they had renounced them. Since that time they have been occasionally visited by missionaries from the Society Islands, and a church has been organized, consisting of eighty persons.

"The interesting circumstances attending the introduction of the gospel among them, and a desire to see how native missionaries conduct their labors, led us to pay them a visit.

"On the morning of September 24, when about six miles from the island, we were boarded by a double

canoe manned by six natives, the whole exterior of which exhibited very neat carved work. The sides and stern were tastefully ornamented with feathers, and the whole was calculated to give us a favorable impression of their ingenuity and enterprise. They informed us that they were in the enjoyment of peace and plenty, and would be glad to receive a visit from us. We accordingly lowered our boat and accompanied the canoe, which, going before us, showed the entrance between the reefs. This is quite intricate and dangerous, being not more than ten feet wide; as the swell was heavy, the surf broke entirely across it. We, however, reached the shore in safety. Just at the landing a large flag of white *tapa* was streaming in the wind from the top of a lofty pole—indicative of peace. About thirty natives assembled on the beach, decked out in the best their wardrobes could supply, gave us a hearty reception, welcoming us to their shores with many an '*I orana*'—'Happiness attend you.' We were conducted to a large framed house, neatly plastered, in which we found two large, comfortable settees, a dining-table, and several well-made boxes. Having seated ourselves until some cocoanuts should be brought, almost the whole population of the village came in to say, '*I orana*.' All the women that I saw had on bonnets, which the wives of the Tahitian teachers had taught them to make. Most of the men, too, had hats of somewhat similar make.

"After being refreshed with the milk of the cocoanut, I took a stroll through the village, and was as much surprised as delighted to find most of their houses neat, substantial framed buildings, well plastered, furnished with settees, tables, bedsteads, and boxes, all of which,

as well as their houses, the Tahitians have taught them to make. We were sorry to learn that both the Tahitian teachers had gone away. They had quarreled, and one of them had been taken away by Mr. Williams at his last visit. The remaining one, according to the most definite information that we could get, was puffed up with pride, and wished to become *great*, and, being unable to effect his purposes, became dissatisfied, went to sea in a whale-boat, and has not since been heard of. (Puna, the teacher here referred to, drifted to Manahiki and afterwards proceeded to Keppel's Island and Nuia-fou, where he died.) Most of the people can read, and, having several copies of the Tahitian Scriptures, they still meet regularly for worship, and read and pray together.

"The island is about five miles long, lying north and south, and two miles wide. We landed on the west side, where the people now meet for worship in a large building which they had built for a school-house, their church building having been blown down by the great storm of last December.

"Being told that the largest settlement was on the opposite side of the island, and that the labor of crossing over was not very great, having procured a guide, Mr. Tinker and I set out to go thither. We had not gone far when we came to a stream, which we crossed on the shoulders of our guide. Before we reached the ascent we passed through a delightful grove of tamanu, chestnut, hau, bread-fruit, iron-wood, hala, papaya, cocoanut, paper mulberry, sugar-cane, bananas, etc. We also passed by a large bed of taro, many sweet-potatoes and a large orchard of pine-apples. We found the ascent steep and tiresome, the part over which we passed being, probably,

eight hundred feet above the level of the ocean, the highest part of the island being about one thousand two hundred feet. The thick brakes and tall grass which overhung our path sometimes almost covered us. After resting awhile on the summit under the shade of the hau, we had just begun to descend when we met a company from the village to which we were going, loaded with spears and paddles curiously wrought, tapas of various patterns, and paroquets, which they were bringing over to trade with us. Before we reached the foot of the hill, we met several other parties who were also loaded with similar articles for barter. Exchanging the salutation '*I orana*,' we proceeded, entering, as we descended, groves still more dense than those through which we had first passed. The inhabitants of the village gave us a cordial welcome. The first object that attracted our attention was the church, which is a framed building eighty by thirty-six feet, the upright posts painted red, the intervening spaces lathed and plastered. It has two windows in front, one on each side of the door, one in each end, and one on each side of the pulpit, which is really a piece of neat workmanship. The railing on each side of the stairs by which you ascend it is supported by eighteen spear handles. In front of the pulpit is a neat painted desk for the clerk. It has a good floor of the bread-fruit wood and seats of the same material. A large number of bamboos of oil are deposited at one end of the house, and a pile of tapa in the pulpit, which the natives have contributed to the London Missionary Society to aid in sending the gospel to the heathen. While we were surveying the church a large number assembled, and though they could not

understand our language, we did not consider it improper to pray with and for them. Mr. Tinker therefore entered the clerk's desk, saying, '*E pule tatou;*' and the whole assembly kneeled and behaved with much decorum while prayer was offered. The church is in the center of a yard inclosed by a neat wooden fence, through which, up to the door, is a raised pavement eight feet wide. Opposite the church we entered a large house of similar construction, in which we were pleased to find several copies of the Tahitian Bible, six or eight large well-made chests, two very comfortable bedsteads, and two settees. The house is surrounded by a pavement of hewn coral rock which extends about twelve feet in every direction. After passing through several similar habitations, we were led by one who seemed to be the highest chief, to his house. Taking us into a back room he presented each of us with a piece of tapa. We had scarcely time to thank him and seat ourselves on a settee in his large room, when it was filled with women, each having a child in her arms. These we were requested to baptize, which we declined to do, and we referred them to Mr. Williams, who expects to visit them in a few months. A table was then spread, and as we perceived that preparations were making to get us some dinner, and remembered that we had to return two miles over a steep hill, we intimated that we could not wait, and taking a refreshing draught of cocoanut water, we bade our kind new acquaintances an affectionate farewell, and with our guide began to climb the hill. There are in the village about twenty-five frame houses, besides others after the original native fashion made of bamboos. Taking it as a whole, I have seen no village in the Pacific where the generality of houses are so good, or where the

people appear more kindly disposed toward missionaries. They were very anxious that one or both of us should stop and live among them. We hastened back and found the people assembling to hear a sermon from Mr. Whitney. When we reached the house where we stopped first when we landed, we found a good dinner awaiting us, for which our walk had sharpened our appetite. It consisted of roast pig, taro, yam, bread-fruit and cocoa-nut milk. As it now grew late, we judged it expedient to return to our vessel. But just as we were getting into the boat, we were surprised with the salutation, 'How do you do, gentlemen?' from one who looked like a native. She told us that she was a native of Pitcairn Island, from which she has been absent eight years. She had brought her little daughter in great haste, hoping that we would baptize her. She, perhaps, could have given us more satisfactory information respecting the islanders than anyone we had met with, but we were necessarily in such haste that we could ask but few questions. We therefore bade the people farewell, and taking a number of curiosities that we had collected, pulled away to the schooner, passing through the reefs much more easily than we had expected. The number of inhabitants on the island is somewhere between two and three hundred. The readiness with which the people parted with their spears, showed their present disposition for peace and order. We trust their anxiety for a

AUSTRAL ISLANDS.—Rev. Mr. Richards, of the London Society's mission at Raiatea, Society Islands, gives in the *Chronicle* an interesting account of a visit among the Austral Islands, Rurutu, Tupuai, and Rimatara, which he made in company with Rev. Mr. Pearce, of New Guinea, in the *John Williams* in 1887. The object of the tour was not merely to visit the native churches, but to secure recruits for the mission on New Guinea. At Rurutu the population is increasing, now amounting to about seven hundred and fifty, and their stone church, with walls two and one-

missionary to instruct them will not long be indulged in vain, and that someone who loves the Lord Jesus in sincerity, will be sent to show them the way of life.

"We have now been becalmed for several days. With a favorable wind we could reach the Marquesas Islands in one or two days. When we shall have visited them I will give you some of the results of our observations.

"Affectionately yours, W. P. ALEXANDER."

"November 2, 1832.

"DEAR SIR: After being becalmed more than a week, on the 20th of October we were gladdened by seeing four of the Marquesas Islands, viz., Fatuhiwa, Moakane, Tahuata and Hivaoa. In the afternoon we came so near Fatuhiwa that we were visited by several canoes, most of their occupants perfectly naked, from whom we learned that the native teachers left by the missionaries from Tahiti resided on the opposite side. Being desirous of having an interview with them, we lay to during the night, and in the morning stood in near the place where they reside. It being the Sabbath we hoped to go ashore and hold a religious meeting with the natives. Our deck was soon crowded with the vociferous unclad savages. Their demands for powder and muskets were peculiarly eager. They informed us that several men had lately been sacrificed, but that they enjoyed peace at present, and urged us earnestly to go ashore. At

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half feet thick, will seat five hundred. The church-members number three hundred and eleven, somewhat less than one-half the population. Everything indicates thrift and careful cultivation, and the people are honest and industrious. The chief trader said, "I could leave most of them alone in my store without any fear of being robbed." When their church was being built, the Rurutans heard that a large log of foreign wood had been washed ashore on an island two hundred and twenty miles distant. They at once put to sea, found and purchased the log, and brought it to Rurutu to make seats for their new church. The church gladly gave up one of their members and his wife to go as missionaries to New Guinea.

eleven A. M. the Tahitian teachers came off, and informed us that thirteen persons had been sacrificed and eaten within two months, that the last had been eaten but the day before, that the people treated their instructors with perfect contempt, that they were unmolested, but had been unable to accomplish anything. They said that no white men had ever landed since they arrived, and they could not tell whether it would be safe for us or not. As there was no prospect of holding a religious meeting with the natives, and it might be dangerous to go ashore, we determined to proceed, and the next morning at nine o'clock stood off Resolution Bay on the west side of Tahuata, the place where Mr. Crook, an English missionary, labored during the year 1797. We were soon visited by Ioteta, the highest chief on the island, with whom we went ashore. We found living with him a Charles Robinson, of Dublin, tatooed on his body and face in Marquesan style. Fifteen months ago three Tahitian teachers were left here by Mr. Darling, a missionary of the London Missionary Society. The people laid aside their old system, and generally submitted to instruction, till their teachers lost their influence by immoral conduct. Two of them have returned to Tahiti, and the remaining one was present and admitted that the above was a true statement of the case. Ioteta and his principal men expressed a great desire to have white missionaries come and reside among them, promising to renounce idolatry and the tabu system, and obey their instructions. We saw in the tabu houses, several large wooden idols of ghastly appearance, the carving of which was exceedingly rude, to which human sacrifices are offered. Many of them were engaged in their chief amusement, beating drums,

accompanied by a monotonous chanting and clapping of the hands.

"The Valley of Waitohu, which faces the bay, is very fertile, abounding in bread-fruit, which here comes to the highest perfection, cocoanuts, papayas, bananas, and taro; of other trees we saw the hau, iron-wood and tamanu. Pumpkins are also very abundant here, but we saw no potatoes. In the evening we directed our course to Uapou, which lies fifty miles to the east of Tahuata. We are persuaded that missionaries might reside at Tahuata with safety and with cheering prospects of success; and I trust that the glad tidings of peace on earth and good-will to men will not be withheld from these benighted people, who now beg us to come and teach them.

"Early next morning we reached Uapou, where several canoes came off and gave us a very favorable account of the state of the people; but the sea was so rough that we could not land. We therefore turned our faces towards Nukuhiwa, which lies fifty miles north of Uapou; and at ten o'clock A. M., October 21, we cast anchor in Massachusetts Bay. Here we remained three days, conferring with the chiefs and principal men respecting the establishment of a mission among them, and walking up and down the fertile valleys, which stretch from the bay in various directions far back into the mountains.

"The people everywhere received us with the utmost cordiality, and seemed emulous who should make the greatest effort to please us. Reports which had reached them respecting the missionary work in the Sandwich and Society Islands, had already prepared both chiefs and people to plead earnestly that missionaries might be

sent to teach them also. They promised if we would come, to renounce their system of superstition and idolatry, and to give heed to our instructions. When encouraged to expect missionaries in a few months, Hape, the principal chief among the Teiis, who inhabit the valleys around the harbor, pointed out a very fertile district, abounding in bread-fruit trees and cocoanuts, which he intended to give them; and he promised to have a house built on it ready for their reception when they should arrive. To show us how slender were the ties which bind him to his old system, he ate before us a portion of a sacred fowl and pig, from which the tabu system restricted him.

"We also visited the picturesque Valley of Taioa, four miles to the westward, and found the natives there in like manner prepared for the reception of the gospel. The field is white to the harvest, and shall not the reaper put in the sickle? We saw four white men at Nukuhiwa. William Morrison, an Englishman, has resided there six years, is tattooed like the natives, wears his hair and beard like them, and, like them, has no article of clothing except the *maro*. William Raymond, an Englishman, has been there fifteen months, and lives with Messrs. Angell and Shaw, Americans, who six months ago stopped there to make a fortune by cultivating vegetables to sell to shipping, when they call for supplies. They have been industrious; and I think they will not present any obstacles in our way.

"On the evening of the 25th we weighed anchor, and during the night ran down to Uapou, where on the morning of the 27th Mr. Whitney and I went ashore, and found the people far more wild than at Nukuhiwa, yet perfectly friendly. They say that if the people of Nukuhiwa receive missionaries and do not

die in consequence of it, they will be willing to receive them too. Their *tahua*, or inclosure for dancing *koika*, and revelry on festal occasions, is the most splendid one that we have seen on the islands, being a neat, oblong pavement three hundred feet long by one hundred feet wide, having an outer border eight feet wide, elevated three feet above the paved area which it incloses. On this border a series of houses are erected, joining each other so as to completely inclose the court of idolatry. Within the inclosure are two platforms of solid rock, thirty feet square and five feet high, stations for those who beat drums during the festivals, besides which there are four scaffolds of bamboo, the use of which I did not learn. (Probably like the Hawaiian *lele*, to place offerings on.) The whole is shaded by thirty-five tall, spreading bread-fruit trees, which grow within the court. The large hewn stone steps by which we entered, and the whole structure, manifested far greater skill in masonry than I had supposed the people possessed.

"On the afternoon of the same day on which we visited Uapou, we turned our faces towards the Sandwich Islands, to which we are now hastening, favored by a fine breeze and friendly swell. The objects of our voyage are now accomplished; and it is not the smallest matter for rejoicing that the Lord has opened for us a wide and an effectual door among the Nukuhivans."

They safely arrived in Honolulu about the 17th of November, 1832.

It was stated in the letter from the mission to Dr. Anderson, of December 27, 1832, that "the information gained by the visit, both with respect to the Society as well as the Marquesas Islands, was sufficient of itself to compensate for all the expense incurred."

# CHAPTER VI.

## TRAVELS ON HAWAII.

AFTER Mr. Alexander's return to the Hawaiian Islands, considerable time elapsed before it was determined by the Hawaiian Mission and the American Board, to undertake the Marquesas Mission. Meanwhile he was occupied part of the time in preaching in English in Honolulu, and part of the time in tours through Hawaii. From his letters the following accounts of his journeys are taken:—

"*Kailua, Hawaii, July 20, 1832.*—Arrived off Kailua, with Brethren Whitney and Tinker, on the schooner *Becket*, at daybreak, and came ashore and took breakfast with Brother Bishop and family in their cool, delightful house. Took tea with Mr. Thurston, who has a very commodious, excellent dwelling. At the suggestion of Mr. Tinker we visited a remarkable cavern, the entrance of which is in Mr. Thurston's yard, in which we traveled over a quarter of a mile, under many a sepulchral arch, till we came to a spacious pond of brackish water. The name of this cavern is Laniakea (the wide heavens). It was formerly resorted to as a refuge by those who fled in battle. . . . I should have mentioned the fort of Kailua, and the huge idols, placed beside the cannon, whose hideous features may be intended to frighten all evil back into the ocean.

"This morning Brethren Whitney, Tinker, and my-

self embarked at four o'clock on a large double canoe for Kaawaloa, fifteen miles distant, which we reached before seven o'clock A. M. Mr. Ruggles had sent us some large bunches of grapes, like unto the grapes of Eschol, which were very refreshing. Presently Brother Forbes arrived with pies hot out of the oven. Thus strengthened we commenced the ascent towards Mr. Forbes' residence, three miles distant, at Kuapehu. About every two hundred yards arbors had been erected for the relief of travelers, at each of which we found it refreshing to rest. In about an hour and a half we reached the top, and were heartily welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles and Hulda, and especially by Mrs. Forbes, who received me almost with enthusiasm. I am now seated by Brother Forbes' desk, in his little grass hut, everything around me neat and comfortable, the air sweet and cool, the yard full of shrubbery, grass, and flowers. But I assure you, it was no trifle to reach this enchanted spot. Since dinner, with Brethren Forbes, Ruggles and Tinker, I took a walk northward about a mile along the new road. We passed through a forest of the ohia apple tree, the bread-fruit, and the kukui, or candlenut tree, and at openings in the woods found excellent potato and taro patches. It was pleasant to observe the native houses surrounded with many varieties of American flowers, their porches covered with vines, and their yards inclosed, not with huge mud walls, but with the ti, interlocked, and its tops covered with broad green leaves. We visited Kapiolani (The-prisoner-of-heaven), the highest chief in this part of the island. She has a very neat house wearing the appearance of civilization. Brother Ruggles led us through her vineyard, which covers about an acre and is loaded with grapes."

Soon after writing the foregoing, Mr. Alexander returned to Honolulu, and a few months afterwards, in company with Mr. Armstrong, made another tour on Hawaii, some account of which is here given:—

"*Thursday, January 3, 1833.*—Arrived at Kawaihae, and was hospitably entertained by Mr. Young, who has been on the islands for more than forty years. His wife is a church-member, and his daughters appear well. (He was the father of Emma, afterwards the queen of Kamehameha IV.) Friday we embarked for Hilo, and encountered a fierce gale, and with all sails furled, except the foresail, and the helm lashed, we drifted at the mercy of the wind two days, when at three P. M. Brother Armstrong and I landed at Puako. . . . After a tiresome walk of eighteen miles, drenched with rain, we found the shelter of Brother Baldwin's domicile at Waimea very pleasant. Brother Lyons was sick in bed.

"*January 7.*—Went with Brethren Armstrong, Spaulding, and Chapin to a remarkable cave, formerly a depository for the dead. We counted eighty bodies, and suppose that it contains more than one hundred. They are wrapped in tapa, and have beside them calabashes for water and poi, spit-boxes, and pieces of sugar-cane.

"*January 9.*—With seven natives to carry clothes, food, water, and their own provisions, Brother Armstrong and I commenced the journey to Hilo *via* Luapele (Kilauea). Passed through a fine country covered with grass, shrubbery, and wild cattle, and encamped at the eastern foot of Mauna Kea, having walked twenty miles. The natives threw up a bulwark of grass on one side, and built a large fire on the other, when having eaten our evening meal, and had prayers in English and

Hawaiian, we slept comfortably under the broad heavens. . . .

"*Thursday, 10th.*—Entered a field of lava, covering many square miles. Night coming on, we searched long for a place suitable for encamping, and at length found a spot of earth under an ohia tree, large enough for us all to lie upon. In the morning we found ice in our calabashes.

". . . . Within a mile of the volcano we found an ignorant heathen with two children, who are here for catching birds for the feathers, of which they make *leis*." (They were seeking the little black birds, *Oo*, which yield a few yellow feathers under their wings. When they are plucked out, the bird is set at liberty, to be again caught and plucked. These feathers are wrought into cloaks, capes, wreaths and *kahilis*, to deck royalty. The value of one such cloak is estimated, by the labor of its construction, as equal to $100,000.) "With axes furnished by them, we cut the Pulu-hapuu fern, and roasted it for food, our stock of provisions being nearly gone.

"Depositing our goods in a little hut, built for travelers, at the brink of the crater, we descended by a circuitous, though steep and difficult, route, into the volcano. . . . We went directly to the great boiling caldron on the opposite side, two miles distant. We found it a literal lake of fire and brimstone, three thousand feet long, and one thousand feet wide, rolling its crimson waves from the east to the west, and tossing its fiery surges forty or fifty feet into the air. Though almost suffocated with the sulphurous smoke, and roasted with heat, we advanced to the very brink of the lake. The pungency of the smoke compelled us to retire, and in

not more than three minutes the direction of the action changed, and the spot on which we had stood was drenched with red-hot lava. It then seemed to pursue us, as if we had been too daring in venturing so near; for as we hastened to get away, the fiery stream fell nearer and nearer us, so that we became apprehensive that we might be compelled to take a shower bath warmer than would be comfortable. No one could look upon this scene without being impressed with the terrible majesty of God. If one small spot can furnish such a scene, what must the whole earth on fire appear at the Judgment to him who has no refuge? We hastened to ascend and were glad to find ourselves once more on solid ground.

"Finding our natives in readiness, we immediately set out on our journey towards Hilo, and before dark reached Kuolo, twenty-four miles, where we were hospitably entertained by Kanai, a member of Brother Dibble's church. His fowl and taro were acceptable, as our stock of provisions was just exhausted.

"*January 15.*—At ten A. M. we reached Hilo, three miles, and were heartily welcomed by Sister Lyman, and dined on a fat turkey. . . .

"*January 16.*—In concert with the brethren we observe to-day as a day of fasting and prayer, for direction in reference to the Marquesan Mission, meeting at the house of Mr. Dibble at eleven A. M. and at three P. M.

# CHAPTER VII.

## THE MARQUESAS ISLANDS.

AT the session of the general meeting held in April, 1833, at Lahaina, it was decided to undertake a mission in the northern or Washington group of the Marquesas Islands. The American Board had written advising against this; but before their message was received, the Hawaiian Mission, thinking that the offer of the chief, Hape, to receive missionaries should not be neglected, had already sent Messrs. Alexander, Armstrong and Parker to that field.

A brief description of those islands will prepare us for the accounts of their sojourn there. The Marquesas lie in two parallel groups, thirteen islands in all, extending from southeast to northwest, between latitude south eight to eleven degrees, and longitude west one hundred and thirty-three to one hundred and fifty degrees. The southern group was discovered July 21, 1595, by Alvaro Mendona, and by him named Marquesas in honor of Marquesas de Mendoza, the viceroy of Peru. The northern group, to which our missionaries went, was unknown till *two hundred years later*, when it was discovered by an American, Captain Ingraham, and by him named, "The Washington Islands."

These islands are all of volcanic origin. They are simply mountains rising from the ocean, varying from two thousand to four thousand feet in height. From

their summits sharp ridges extend to the sea, terminating in high bluffs, and separating the valleys from each other by high precipices; so that access from one valley to another is generally impossible except by canoe. Over all their rugged cliffs and rocky ridges there is a perpetual robe of verdure. Nuuhiva, the largest, is about seventy miles in circumference.

Mr. Coan says of it: "The peaks of this island rise to the height of three thousand three hundred and sixty feet. Almost every pinnacle is carpeted with vines; even on the perpendicular walls of the precipices a tapestry of shrubs and verdure hangs. The bay of this island, called Taiohae, is shaped like a horseshoe. It is nine miles in circumference, half a mile wide at its entrance, where it is flanked by two grand head-lands over five hundred feet high, and extends at the center to two miles in breadth. Its shore is a beautiful crescent of sand, interrupted here and there with shingle and bowlders." Says H. Melville (Typee), "No description can do justice to the beauty of the scenery of this bay. The mountains shut in a vast natural amphitheater of deep glens, overgrown with vines and gleaming with cascades. I felt regret that a scene so enchanting was hidden from the world in these remote seas." He says of a view he obtained from the summit of the mountain: "Had a glimpse of the gardens of Paradise been given me, I could scarcely have been more ravished with the sight."

The inhabitants of these islands are the Polynesian race, that has peopled nearly all the islands of the Pacific. So similar is their language to that of the Hawaiians that Hawaiian Bibles and other books are easily read by them.

The population of these islands, at the beginning of this century, was estimated to be twenty thousand; in 1876 it was only five thousand, seven hundred and fifty-four, diminished by war, cannibalism and disease.

The people are a finer appearing race than those on the Society and Hawaiian Islands. Says Mr. Bingham (Hawaiian Islands): "The Marquesans were more noble in form and stature than the Hawaiians, and the women, vile as they were, more comely, though some of the people were horribly tattooed. But the men were distinguished more for pride and independence of feeling than any other natives in the Pacific isles. Our missionaries were struck with the lofty air with which these swarthy, half-naked sons of ignorance would pace the deck of a foreign vessel, as if the ship and the ocean were at their command, though they were as poor as Robinson's Crusoe's goats."

The following accounts of the experiences of the missionaries in those islands are chiefly taken from reminiscences written by Mrs. Alexander:—

They embarked July 2, 1833, on the brig *Dhaulle*, a Baltimore clipper, commanded by Captain Bancroft.

All the missionaries then at Honolulu assembled to bid them farewell, "hardly expecting to again meet them this side the shore of Canaan." All were much affected as they sang together and united in prayer offered by Mr. Bingham.

With them were two infant children, the eldest daughter of Mr. Armstrong, and the eldest son of Mr. Alexander, the latter of whom learned to walk on the return voyage. They took with them Hawaiian nurses, who were of great service in the care of the children. The voyage was anything but comfortable. They were

crowded together, six adults with their two children in a cabin twelve feet square, in the center of which was a stairway. In these close quarters they suffered much for lack of fresh air, especially as it often became necessary to close the hatch to keep out the rain, and as "the vessel contained its full share of bilge water." They had poor fare, of salt meat, hard bread and rice rather the worse for having been brought around Cape Horn. Unfavorable winds obliged them to put into the harbor of Tahiti, where they arrived July 24, and enjoyed three days on shore under the shade of the orange, cocoanut, and guava trees. They were hospitably entertained by Rev. Mr. Pritchard. Mr. Armstrong wrote: "Nature here wears her loveliest, gaudiest dress. From the beach to the topmost pinnacle of the mountains all is green and cheering to the beholder. Our rooms are strewed with oranges, limes, guavas and vi, which are very refreshing after the seasickness of our voyage." Here Mr. George Bicknell presented them with a cow and a calf, the best of his herd, without which the infant daughter of Mr. Armstrong would not have lived. They arrived at Nuuhiva at ten A. M., August 10, 1833.

"As soon as we arrived," says Mrs. Alexander, "the natives came off in great numbers, the women swimming, and holding by one hand their white tapas, their only garment, out of the water. [H. Melville has given the reason for the swimming of the women: "Canoes were tabooed to them, hence when a woman goes to a ship she puts in requisition the paddles of her own fair body."] The deck was soon crowded with men, women and children, most of them entirely naked, a few having only a strip of tapa around the waist, all making a deafening noise. At sight of the women and children they were

greatly excited, jumping on the deck with loud shouts of laughter. All the talk fore and aft was '*Vahine*' and '*Pikanini*' (women and children).

"The ladies remained below in the cabin, until the captain, throwing hard bread to the front part of the vessel, gathered the natives forward, and then put up a board fence, and, through an interpreter, informed them that the ladies would come on deck and could be seen if they would remain at the forepart of the vessel." (Mrs. Armstrong's sketches.)

"As soon as we had come on deck," wrote Mrs. Alexander, "the natives shouted '*Moatake*' (good). I had a babe three months old; the women admired him, and begged for him. Swimming beside the ship, they showed how they could hold him out of the water. [They proposed to make him their king; more likely they would have put him into one of their baking-ovens.]

"The men made me think of devils. They had long hair, tied in two bunches on the top of their heads. Their faces were tatooed black; strings of shark's teeth were strung around their necks, and tufts of human hair bound to their waists and ankles." The chiefs wore chaplets of cocoanut fiber binding a mother-of-pearl shell on the brow, surmounted with tall bird-feathers.

At evening the captain persuaded the natives to go ashore, with the promise that the next day the missionaries would land. "Some of the wild men immediately proposed to exchange wives with the missionaries. As we gazed at the island in the evening light, it baffled comprehension, that beings so vile should be placed in scenes so beautiful." (Mrs. Armstrong's sketches.)

The accounts given them by their interpreter, of recent events, were not assuring. During the week previous a

company of four white men and a number of natives had visited the opposite side of the island for kava, and had there been attacked by the natives. Part of them made their escape in a boat; but two of the white men were killed and immediately disemboweled and eaten. During the same week a Captain Dean, of the English ship *Elizabeth*, had landed on a neighboring island and been immediately murdered.

"On the 12th of August, all our company," writes Mrs. Alexander, "except myself, went ashore. I remained to care for the babes. They visited Hape, the chief. He was sick, but was pleased to see them, and said he would give them the house he was then occupying. The savages everywhere followed them shouting, the women sometimes coming close and lifting the bonnets of the ladies for a fuller view, and exclaiming, '*Moatake*.'

"On the 15th of August we all took up our abode in a house near the shore, furnished by Hape. It was fifty feet long, open all the length on one side four feet above the ground, and thatched with bread-fruit leaves shingled over each other. The floor was paved with smooth, round stones. We closed up the open side of the house with boards, made doors four feet high, formed windows by cutting away part of the bread-fruit leaves from the bamboo frame-work, and partitioned the house by calico and sheeting into four rooms; one of these rooms, at the end, was used for a store-room ;the next was occupied by Mr. Parker's family, the next by Mr. Alexander's, and the next, near the beach, and almost in the roaring surf, by Mr. Armstrong's family. At first our doors and windows were crowded almost to suffocation by the savages gazing at us. Our cooking

was done outside, under a spreading bread-fruit tree, by placing kettles on stones over the fire. It was the rainy season, so that outdoor cooking was difficult. Sometimes the natives would take the food out of the kettles by hooks, and carry it away. We bought bread-fruit of them, with knives, fish-hooks, and such other things as they wanted."

The captain of the *Dhaulle* had been directed to remain two weeks to make sure of their safety, but he was impatient to get away from the savages. Says Mr. Armstrong: "To-day (August 21) the *Dhaulle* takes her departure, and leaves us alone in this end of the earth; but the Lord is our sun and shield; and those who trust in him cannot be moved."

"Our first work," says Mrs. Alexander, "was to build comfortable homes. The natives were hired to bring timber of bread-fruit and cocoanut trees, and bread-fruit leaves, but they tried us very much by their indolence. At length three houses were completed, placed so near together that we could call from one to the other. I often was made to tremble in the night when the savages would pass close by with flaming torches, on their way from fishing. One touch of their torches would have set the houses all ablaze.

"We divided each house into a bedroom, dining-room, and room for native visitors. They were so thievish that we could not allow them to enter any room but this, which was always free to them. We once left a box of articles for trade in this room, and soon found it empty. They would often thrust bamboo sticks, with hooks, through our lattice windows, to take whatever they could reach. We often awoke at night to find them with their poles thrust through the windows, taking clothing or any-

thing they could get, or pulling up the thatch to take whatever they could reach, sometimes not one only, but a gang of thieves stealing at the same time from different parts of the house. It was most annoying to see their black faces peering through the windows, and through openings they tore through the thatch. I dared not look at them, for I was sure to see a look that would fill me with disgust and horror.

"The brethren went out every day amongst them with pencil and paper, to learn words, and afterwards compared notes. As they roamed about they were delighted with the rich and beautiful scenery. The groves of bread-fruit, cocoanut, and papaia, and a great variety of thick vines and shrubbery, formed one almost unbroken shade. At almost every house they were hospitably received, and invited to eat bread-fruit poi.

"I stayed in the house with the doors locked; for I was afraid to be left alone. But such confinement was not good for my health. I therefore one day proposed to take a walk with my husband. We had not gone far from the house, when the men followed us, and behaved in such a manner that we returned to the house."

The fifth Sabbath after their arrival, Mr. Alexander preached the first sermon, telling the natives of the vanity of their gods, and of the true God. This sermon has been found amongst his papers, marked, "The first sermon preached in the Marquesas Is."

"The big bread-fruit tree that had been used as a cook-house was now used as a church. The ladies sat under its shade on chairs, while the natives rushed around in noisy confusion. The preaching was no easy task. The natives would smoke and talk and mimic. Some would lie and sleep, some laugh and talk, some

mock and excite laughter; here one would sit smoking a pipe, there one twisting a rope; often there was such confusion that the preacher could scarcely hear himself speak. Not unfrequently the half of those present would arise and go off laughing and mocking. They were ready to gnash on us with their teeth when we told them their gods were false. They would often say, '*Tivava*' (it is a lie). 'Your God is good for you,' they would say, 'ours are good for us.' When the preacher shut his eyes, they asked, 'Is your God blind, that you shut your eyes?' An ax had been stolen. They said, 'You tell us your God is great and good, let him find the thief if he is so great.'" Mr. Coan tells how, years after, when describing Heaven, he was interrupted by the remark, "That will be a good place for cowards and lazy folks, who are afraid to fight, and too lazy to climb bread-fruit and cocoanut trees."

Afterwards the brethren preached by rotation every Sabbath, and after the eighth of December, twice on Sabbath. They also preached in English to the few foreigners on the island. After four months' residence on the island they were able to translate into Marquesan four hymns, which much pleased the natives and secured their attention. The last three months they were able to pray *extempore* in Marquesan. Generally only twenty natives attended their meetings. Once one hundred and fifty attended. Mrs. Armstrong and the other ladies conducted a school for the children, but only a few attended, and they very irregularly; and not more than half a dozen learned the alphabet.

"This is indeed a *wretched, degraded* people. I would not have believed there was a people so nearly on a level with the brute creation, if I had not seen this people.

The women are greatly oppressed by the taboo system. They are forbidden to enter many of the houses of the men, and have few of the privileges the men enjoy; they are also abused and cruelly beaten by their husbands. Yet they plead for having five or six husbands. They ask who will prepare their food if they have only one husband. The first husband is a chief, and he must not work; and it is considered not proper for the second also to work; and therefore they must have five or six husbands."

Although Hape was the chief of this part of the island, the natives seemed to be almost without control. One of the missionaries once asked, "Who is king here?" The reply was, "You are king; I am king; we are all kings." This was a sort of a democracy of liberty without law. Strange to say, there were men from civilized lands who actually enjoyed it. There were eight white men on the island, living in the same degradation as the natives. The popular writer, Herman Melville, spent several months here, and poetically described the neighboring valley as the "Happy Valley." "Here," he humorously wrote, "were none of the thousand sources of irritation that the ingenuity of civilized man has created to mar his own felicity. There were no foreclosures of mortgages, no protested notes, no debts of honor, no poor relatives everlastingly occupying the bed-chamber, no beggars, no debtor's prisons, no proud and hard-hearted nabobs, or, to sum up all in one word, no money. All was fun and high good-humor, frolic with flowers and the sport of hunting and fishing."

The missionaries saw an amusing illustration of this sort of felicity in the case of a man who claimed to be the son of an English nobleman, who had been sent to

sea as a bad boy to be reformed, and had run away from his ship, and was there at that time going almost naked, tattooed all over, except on his face. He was accustomed to climb over the highest ridges to attend savage feasts, and he remarked that "this was the happiest period of his life."

The happiness of this style of life was not entirely unalloyed. To say nothing of the degradation of it, and of the misery of the prevailing superstitions, there was continually the horror of savage strife and cannibalism. Sometimes, at night, a company would go in a canoe to a distant bay, and there land, and stealthily surround a house, and at a given signal kill everyone within, and then they would hurry away with the dead bodies to their port, and there have a cannibal feast. The people of the distant bay would do a similar act in retaliation; and thus a savage war would be occasioned.

The people of each valley were accustomed to kill those of the neighboring valley at sight. Mr. Alexander once desired to explore the valley of Typee, with a view to making a mission station there. With much difficulty he found a man, who was a sort of neutral, that is, one permitted to go unharmed from one valley to the other. With this man he and Mr. Parker went to Typee. Immediately on entering that valley, they were surrounded by a savage multitude vociferating fiercely. In 1813 Captain Porter, of the U. S. ship *Essex*, had chastised the natives of that valley, and had pursued them far into the interior of the island, killing many of them. One of the natives now exclaimed, "Porter killed my father." Another said, "Porter killed my brother." Another, clapping his hand on his shoulder, said, "Porter shot me here." The missionaries then expected to be

killed, when their guide said to the natives: "These men are not like Porter. He came to fight; these men have come to teach us not to fight." He then repeated, very correctly, the sermons which the missionaries had preached. The natives then shouted, "*Moatake*" (good), and conducted them to a house, where they spent the night, expecting to be clubbed before morning; but they were not disturbed, and the next morning they were allowed to return home, which they did, by the advice of their guide, by a different route from that of the day before.

The chief, Hape, at length became quite unfriendly. He was disappointed that the missionaries did not cure him of his sickness, and did not give him more presents, for which he daily begged; and he urged the natives not to attend the meetings.

On the 4th of December he died. "The hills then echoed with wailing, the thumping of drums, and the blowing of conch shells." The body was hung high in a canoe over the *heiau;* and the first wife was obliged to remain continually in care of it, to provide food for the spirit, until the body had so far decayed that the bones could be picked out, which it was the privilege of the wife, or the nearest relative, to do. Mr. Alexander has given in one of his sermons a picture of the scenes then witnessed. "The funeral rites beggared description, for obscenity, noise, cruelty and beastly exposure. . . . They lasted seven days, and were the darkest days I ever saw. Companies came from all parts, filling the air with loud wailings, dancing in a state of perfect nudity around the corpse, like so many furies, cutting their flesh with shells and sharp stones, till the blood trickled down to their feet, the women tearing out their hair,

both men and women knocking out their teeth, indulging in the most revolting licentiousness, and feasting to excess, while muskets were fired and sea-shells were kept a-blowing with a long, deep, sepulchral sound during the whole night. Verily I seemed to be for the time on the borders of the infernal regions." Mrs. Parker mentions that "Hape soon became a nuisance to all, and to us in particular, except when the wind favored us, blowing in another direction."

The hostility between the different valleys made the situation of the missionaries very insecure. They were several times informed that the Typees were coming in the night to kill them, and to take their property. But their most serious danger was from the foreigners, who had taken their abode amongst the natives. As a general rule civilized men turned savage are more dangerous than the savage-born; and their presence in heathen lands is a greater obstacle to Christianity than heathenism itself. Such a man was a convict from New Zealand, known by the name of Morrison. The night after Hape died the missionaries were hastily sent for, because he had become suddenly sick. The day before a great school of porpoises had come into the bay, and the natives had caught them in such quantities that their bodies were piled up on the shore; and for many days, even after putrefaction had begun, everyone helped himself to their flesh, as he pleased. This man gave his appetite full rein. The consequence was that he had an attack of apoplexy, from which he died at eleven o'clock at night. The natives now informed the missionaries that he had planned to fire their houses, and to murder them all, in order to obtain their few articles of property. Their hearts over-

flowed with gratitude to God for this providential deliverance. They, however, determined to give the body a burial in Christian style, the first such burial on the island. They made a coffin out of their boxes, dug a grave, and with prayer lowered the body into it. A native then threw in a baked hog. Mr. Armstrong threw it out. It was again thrown in and again thrown out. The native then said, "The soul of that man will come to me in the night and will say, 'You are stingy, I am hungry.'" It was supposed that he afterwards dug into the grave, and buried the pig alongside of the corpse.

The utterly treacherous character of the natives was once illustrated in an amusing way, by an attempt they made to destroy a ship. When a captain once was about to take his ship to sea, and had raised his anchor and set his sails, he observed that his ship made no progress, but was rather approaching the shore. Taking a spy-glass, and examining a crowd of savages on the beach, he discovered that they were pulling away at a rope. He then lowered a boat and found a rope attached under water to the ship. This he cut, and thereby saved his ship, and himself and his crew, from the savages.

After the missionaries had resided several months on the island, Mr. Orsmond, an English missionary, came from Tahiti, to inform them that English missionaries, sent by the London Missionary Society, were on their way thither. The arrangement had been made that the equator should be the dividing line between the English and American missions. Mrs. Alexander mentions that "he further stated that it would be much easier for their mission to send supplies to missionaries here than it would be for the Hawaiian Mission; since they, the English missionaries, had a mission packet

that made regular trips to their outstations, and we had none. It was very plain to us that they wished us to give up the field to the London Missionary Society. The brethren spent April 1st, fasting and praying over the matter. They decided that the economy of missions would not allow two large societies to occupy so small a field together; and therefore they concluded to relinquish the field to the English missionaries and to return to the Hawaiian Islands. It was very trying to us to leave, although we knew that missionaries were on their way to take our place. The people were in gross darkness; and I, for one, was willing to spend my life among them. Shortly after, two whale-ships came to the harbor for supplies; the captain of one of which, Captain Coffin, of the *Benjamin Rush*, agreed to convey us to the Hawaiian Islands without our goods. The other, the *Royal Sovereign*, Captain Green, took our goods to Huahine, whence a year after they were shipped to Honolulu."

The missionaries now had to contrive to get aboard the ship without the opposition of the natives. They secretly packed their goods, darkening their windows lest they should be observed; and then suddenly the ladies, with their infants, which had increased in number by two born during their stay on the island, went to the boat with a file of sailors on each side. They were quickly surrounded by a great multitude of the savages, armed with spears and clubs. These they conciliated by presents, and thereby they succeeded in getting away from the shore. Their husbands came afterwards with the baggage.

"Oh, what a sense of relief," says Mrs. Armstrong, "we felt, when we were all on board! It was a critical

moment; for the natives were like friction-matches, ready to explode on the slightest provocation; and when (on the 16th of April, 1834) the sails were spread, and the shores of Nuuhiva receded from view, we gave thanks to God that during a residence there of over eight months he had saved us from the fury of that heathen race." They arrived at Honolulu, May 12, 1834. Three or four months afterwards letters came from the American Board, to be forwarded to them to the Marquesas Islands, directing them to relinquish that field to the London Missionary Society. Fortunately, they had anticipated this action of the American Board, and by taking passage on a whale-ship prevented the expense of chartering a vessel to go expressly for them. The Board strongly commended them for their return.

In the *Missionary Herald* of January, 1835, we find the following:—

"The Committee (the Prudential Committee) approve of the relinquishment of the mission; and it is but justice to say, that the courage, enterprise, and self-denying zeal with which the brethren and their wives prosecuted their mission for eight months in circumstances the most appalling to flesh and spirit, entitle them to the unabated confidence and affectionate sympathy of the Board."

Soon after their deparature, three English missionaries arrived, and commenced labor in those islands. They remained there about five years, and then abandoned the field.

"In 1838 two Roman Catholic priests and one layman commenced mission work there, and in 1839 these were followed by six priests and one layman. In 1842 Admiral Thouars took forcible possession of the islands

for France; and the priests have occupied them at several stations ever since."—*Coan's Life in Hawaii.*

In 1853 the Hawaiian Board sent out several ordained ministers, young Hawaiians, pupils of Mr. Alexander, together with Rev. J. Bicknell. These have been re-inforced from time to time, and have been visited and encouraged by delegates of the Hawaiian Board. In 1860 there were there two hundred and twenty-one pupils in the schools and thirty-four members of churches. The success of the mission has not been great.

# CHAPTER VIII.

## WAIOLI.

AFTER returning to the Hawaiian Islands, Mr. Alexander was appointed by the mission to labor at Waioli, on the island of Kauai, a field as yet unoccupied by missionaries.

Waioli is a mountain-walled valley at the head of a long bay, on the northern, the rainy, side of the island. It is all, both valley and mountain, clothed with verdure of the brightest green, and made still further beautiful by numerous streams and water-falls, whence the name Waioli (singing water); the name of the chief stream, Hanalei (wreath-making), is also another name for the valley. Its appearance is thus described by Miss Isabella Bird:—

"Hanalei has been likened by some to Paradise, and by others to the Vale of Cashmere. . . . It has every element of beauty; and in the bright sunshine, with the dark shadows on the mountains, the water-falls streaking their wooded sides, the river rushing under kukuis and ohias (Hawaiian forest trees), and then lingering lovingly amidst living greenery, it looked as if the curse had never lighted there."

"Its mouth, where it opens on the Pacific, is from two to three miles wide; but the boundary mountains gradually approach each other, so that five miles from the sea a narrow gorge of wonderful beauty remains. The

crystal Hanalei flows placidly to the sea for the last three or four miles, tired by its impetuous rush from the mountains, and mirrors on its breast hundreds of acres of cane. . . . Westward of the valley there is a region of mountains slashed by deep ravines. The upper ridges are densely timbered. . . . For mere loveliness I think that part of Kauai exceeds anything that I have ever seen."

In climate it contests with Hilo the reputation of being the rainiest district in the islands. A few facts of the previous Hawaiian history will aid to an understanding of the condition of the field on which Mr. Alexander now entered. The first missionaries had arrived March 30, 1820, about twelve years before the arrival of Mr. Alexander and his companions. At Mr. Alexander's arrival, in 1832, there were one hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants in the islands, of whom about thirty thousand had learned to read and write; the New Testament and a few elementary books had been translated into the Hawaiian language; most of the chiefs were favorable to the missionaries; and there were in all the islands eight hundred members of churches.

From the station report of 1835, the following account of the selection of Waioli as a mission field is taken:—

"After making a tour of Kauai and carefully inspecting the two unoccupied posts in Puna and Halelea, Waioli was chosen in preference to Kapaa, because more people can conveniently assemble there to hear preaching than at Kapaa. . . . On July 20, a spot was selected for a dwelling, which was ready for our reception August 22, to which was soon added a cooking house, study, and house for natives."

In September of the year 1834, Mr. Alexander took

his family to Kauai, landing first at Waimea, and there spending a few weeks with Rev. Samuel Whitney, who at that time, with Rev. P. J. Gulick, occupied the southern part of the island. From Mrs. Alexander's reminiscences the following accounts are taken:—

"We went from Waimea to Waioli with Mr. Whitney in a double canoe, sent us by old Kaikioewa, the governor. The ocean was calm, so that we arrived at Waioli early the next morning. We went directly to a new grass-thatched house built for us by the natives. It was a good-sized house, and was by us partitioned into three rooms by the stalks of the *uluhi fern* (*Glichenia Hawaiiensis*). We had very little furniture, a settee of iron-wood made by a carpenter, and a few chairs and a table brought from the United States of America. We had no cooking stove but did our cooking on stones out-of-doors. Lumber was so scarce that we had but one room with a board floor; the rest of the house was covered with lauhala mats. We lived three years in this house. I never was happier than during those years. It was delightful to live with my doors open and to have no fears of the people around me. There was only one white man near by, until we had a carpenter come to build us a house. Mr. Alexander needed a house for a study; so we had a small one erected, of which the roof was covered with lauhala, and the windows made of oiled paper; for glass was scarce. The natives came constantly to the house for medicines. Doses of castor oil and other drugs were given them in joints of bamboo used as vials. I often made bowls full of *pia* (arrow-root) and bread-toast coffee for them when they were sick. They brought us presents of fresh fish, chickens, etc., in return for our care of them in their sickness."

"Davida, an excellent member of the Waimea church, had accompanied us as a helper in building up a new station, and with him his train, making in all seventy-five persons. They built a town on the Waioli plain, which they call Bethlehem." (Station report of 1835.)

"My husband," Mrs. Alexander writes, "was told that the way to learn the language was to teach school. He therefore formed a school of young men; and soon he began to preach sermons, which at first were largely made up of quotations from the Bible. A good old man, Papohaku (Stonewall), one of Father Whitney's church-members, was employed to correct the sermons. My husband would then preach them, and then call on the old man, who would repeat all that he understood of the discourse, and offer prayer. In a short time my husband was able to preach without his assistance. Meetings were held in a large native house. The natives sat on the ground on mats. There were one or two rough settees of their ownmake, on which the leading men sat. In those days the natives had little of foreign goods, but they had cloth of their own manufacture, kapa made from the bark of the wauki shrub. The women wore the *pau* (folds of kapa about the hips, leaving the shoulders and waist exposed), and they were beginning to make *holukus* (loose dresses). The men wore the *malo* (a girdle), and the *kihei* (a kapa robe knotted over the shoulder), and were beginning to obtain shirts." "Some wore shirts minus pantaloons, and some pantaloons minus shirts. The attention and decorum of a native congregation was perfect, save that it was not the fashion for a Hawaiian to suppress a cough, and the attendance of numbers of dogs, who came as parts of the family, would sometimes create a diversion that

would seriously try the gravity of a more civilized audience." (Mrs. Emerson's sketches.)

In the station report of 1835, the following account of the first year's labor is given:—

"During the year a substantial meeting-house has been erected, ninety feet long by forty feet wide, covered with lauhala, and most of the timbers are ready for a school-house. The congregation Sabbath forenoons has usually numbered from eight hundred to one thousand, and afternoons about six hundred. Since the first of March we have had daylight (morning) prayer-meetings, usually attended by three or four hundred persons. . . .

"October 19–24, Brother Whitney assisted me in organizing a church at Waioli, consisting of but ten members, five of whom were from the church at Waimea, and five received on examination who had been propounded at Waimea; the Lord's Supper was administered. . . . Three schools have been kept up at the station during the year. . . . I have been astonished at the eagerness with which the people demand new books. The *Kumu Hawaii* (newspaper) has been sought for with eagerness, and seven hundred now take it in my parish. It was pleasant to see the mountains illuminated at night by those who encamped there for the purpose of preparing *pia*, to purchase a copy of it. What we do for this people must be done quickly, for they are fast passing away."

Mr. Alexander made tours through the adjoining districts, and soon held regular meetings at two out-stations, at one of which, Pilaa, in Koolau, eight miles distant, he was accustomed to preach under the shade of a noble kukui grove, to a congregation seated on the

ground, so romantic a place for religious meetings that Commodore Wilkes afterwards had a picture of it drawn, representing Mr. Alexander with a tree for a pulpit. This picture is to be found in the fourth volume of Wilkes' "Exploring Expedition," page 69.

In the report for 1836 the following passage occurs:—

"The common schools have been low during the past year from several causes. . . . But the load of oppression which the people have suffered, has been the main cause. The men have been absent from home, doing public work at Koloa during three or four months in the year; and when at home they were liable to be called upon to work every other week for the Governor, to which add heavy taxes of *kapa*, *olona*, *pia*, hogs, etc., all of which combined have caused them to 'groan being burdened,' so they had little disposition to obey the sound of the school-master's horn."

Mr. Conde well describes the life of a missionary at those times:—

"His work was arduous, laborious, self-sacrificing, and fatiguing, owing to the extent and roughness of the country to be traversed, and the hitherto untutored character of the people. It consisted in teaching school; preaching at home and abroad on frequent tours; dealing out school-books to old and young; visiting the sick, trying to heal or at least to mitigate suffering by the use of medicine; helping the people (a few years afterwards) to acquire their little homesteads in fee simple, listening to their little troubles, domestic and general; giving advice to promote harmony and good-will among all; teaching the arts of civilization as well as the theory and practice of religion; laboring with wayward church-mem-

bers, and stirring up all to more watchfulness, prayer and Christian activity. . . . I never found the day long enough for its duties, nor the night long enough for rest of body." It should be added that every morning there were prayer-meetings at sunrise, conducted by the missionary, and also that Mrs. Alexander conducted stated meetings with the women. "There was at length a *furor* for the marriage service. Mr. Richards, of Lahaina, united six hundred couples in a few months. The usual fee to the officiating clergyman was a few roots of taro or a fowl, a little bunch of onions, or some such cheap article for the table, to the value of twelve cents."

In 1836 they were cheered in their loneliness by a short visit from Mr. Tinker, and enjoyed the counsel and aid of Mr. Bingham and family during the month of October. In 1837 Mr. Edward Johnson arrived, and took charge of the Waioli school, thus enabling Mr. Alexander to give his whole attention to pastoral work.

In the report of 1838 he writes:—

"During the year I have preached statedly at four out-posts, and occasionally at the more distant points of our field. I hope during the coming year to preach weekly at six or seven different posts, so that all the people in my bounds, who wish, may hear the gospel every week, except about one hundred and seventy who inhabit the Pali district, inaccessible except by sea. The harvest is fully ripe, and, oh, for help and wisdom from on high in gathering it into the garner of the Lord!"

During the years 1836 to 1838 the revival, known as "The Great Awakening" occurred, and prevailed over all the islands. Mr. Alexander has related that during those years the natives were accustomed to come inces-

santly from early in the morning until late at night, to converse on the subject of religion. "We saw," he has remarked in a sermon, preached by him in the United States, "displays of divine mercy, such as few are permitted to see on earth, and for which I, for one, can never be too thankful that I have been an eye-witness. The time has been when the whole people seemed to be moved by the presence of God, when the eager congregation would drink in every word spoken, like men dying with thirst. They received the divine commands with perfect trust, like little children. They embraced the same Saviour in whom we trust." The desire to unite with the church became so strong that Mr. Alexander's great effort came to be, rather to prevent their joining the church when they should not, than to persuade them to join. He may have erred in being too rigid, though few acquainted with the Hawaiians will think so; while many have erred in being too lax in hastily admitting multitudes into the church.

As was truly stated by Mr. Alexander in his report for 1839: "Although the great body of the people have professed anxiety for their souls, yet upon careful investigation, it is too evident that they have been more concerned how to get into the church than how to secure eternal life. . . . . The whole system called *hai manao* (telling thoughts) I have labored to suppress, believing it to be productive of many serious evils and of very little benefit."

In 1838 he visited Niihau, and spent five days among the people of that island. Besides the labors incident to the revival, Mr. Alexander was much occupied in the work of erecting a church building. In 1839 the Waioli people planted seven acres of sugar-cane, the avails to

go for the building of a church. There were two white men on the island, who were good carpenters. One of these made a mill to grind by horse-power, and Mr. Alexander furnished them his horse. They boiled the cane juice in iron pots, obtained from a whale-ship, and dried the sugar in mat bags hung up to drain. Part of the money realized ($413) was applied to building a school-house and the rest to paying carpenters for building the church. "The lumber for the building was brought from the mountains. The men would go up and cut it; and when it was ready to be brought down, the women would go and help drag it." It was an exciting time in Waioli, when the whole population, with long ropes, with shouts and chanting, dragged the heavy timbers into place for the church, and also for a house for Mr. Alexander. Coral stone was obtained by divers from the sea, and made into lime for the masonry. The natives also contributed $88 for a church bell. In November, 1841, the building was completed—a frame house, measuring thirty-five by seventy-five feet, plastered inside and out. A comfortable house was also built for Mr. Alexander in 1837, before which stood two noble kukui trees, which are well remembered by his older children, both for their beauty and for the opportunity they afforded for amusement. In this new house two more of Mr. Alexander's children, Henry and Mary, were born. During this time he translated Legendre's geometry and prepared a text-book on surveying and navigation for the Lahainaluna seminary.

In 1840 he received a visit from Messrs. Pickering and Brackenbridge of the U. S. Ex. Exp., and also from Messrs Peale and Rich. "They were much struck with the dress of the native women at church, its unus-

THE WAIOLI HOME.

ual neatness and becoming appearance. It seemed remarkable that so many of them should be clothed in foreign manufacture, and that apparently of an expensive kind; but on closer examination the dresses proved to be *tapas*, printed in imitation of merino shawls, ribands, etc."—*U. S. Ex. Exp., Vol. IV, p. 69.*

It now became an increasingly perplexing question to Mr. Alexander and the other missionaries how to educate their children, without exposing them to the contaminating influence of the natives, and without withdrawing from their pastoral work. In 1840 Mr. Alexander took his two oldest sons, one five and the other seven years old, in a palanquin, carried by two powerful natives, as he rode beside on a horse, a journey of forty miles, to Koloa, and there left them with the children of Mr. Gulick, under the instruction of Miss Marcia Smith, who had come as a teacher to the islands in the reinforcement of 1837. In conjunction with Mr. Armstrong and other missionaries, he had for years been urging on the mission the establishment of a boarding-school for their children; and a report on this subject had been made to the general meeting held in May, 1837. The result was the founding of the Punahou school (afterwards, in 1853, chartered as Oahu College), under the care of Rev. D. Dole, to which Mr. Alexander took his oldest children at its commencement, in 1841, and afterwards sent all his other children.

Nearly every year Mr. Alexander made voyages with his family to Honolulu, to attend the general meeting. In these voyages, made on small schooners or sloops, crowded with natives and their dogs, greater discomforts were experienced than in all the rest of their mission life. On one of these voyages Mr. Alexander, with his

family, was nine days on a decked row-boat called the *Pilot*, in going from Waioli to Honolulu. In the latter part of this voyage provisions failed, so that they were obliged to subsist on corn-gruel, cooked in a stove extemporized by a wooden tub with a coil of iron chain in the bottom and on the sides. Water was placed in the bottom, and occasionally dashed over the sides, to keep the tub from catching fire. The fat of a large hog was used with a small supply of firewood for fuel. When they reached Honolulu the children, after having been curled up so long in a small cabin, as well as exhausted by seasickness, were hardly able to walk.

One pleasing feature of the voyaging of those days was the devotional exercises of the natives. Every evening, at the command of someone in charge of the deck, a hush would suddenly fall on all on board; and then some pious native would arise and offer prayer. The effect, far out in the deep, with no sound but that of the dashing waves, and no surroundings but the wide ocean and the blue sky above, was very impressive.

The discomforts of the voyages were fully compensated for by the enjoyments of the general meetings. Attendance at these was to the mission like the going up of the tribes of Israel to Jerusalem. After long isolation from white society, it was delightful to meet those who had been their fellow-passengers on previous voyages around Cape Horn, to recount with them their experiences, and to plan together for their future work. There was in the common devotion with which they had forsaken all for Christ, and with which they now called each other "brother" and "sister," a sweeter bond than that of any kindred or friends; and the children, away from the circles of their American relatives, were also

in fact, to each other, what they afterwards became in name in the Mission Children's Society, "cousins." Of the meetings of the mission, Rev. S. E. Bishop has written that in them "there reigned an indescribably rich fraternal enthusiastic atmosphere of social and spiritual intercourse. . . . There was a constantly strengthening confidence, and more and more triumphant hope, of the soon-coming fullness of conquest of Hawaii for Christ. There was the earnest recounting in the station reports of labors and their fruits, and the enthusiastic planning of new work. . . . The Lord seemed visibly with his servants. Causes of difference and possible contention became merged in the onward movement. . . . Very delightful children's meetings were conducted, first by Mr. Spaulding, and afterwards by Mr. Coan, whom we children nearly worshiped, and to whose words many of us owed our first definite earnest drawings toward the Lord."

# CHAPTER IX.

## LAHAINALUNA.

MR. ALEXANDER was obliged by failure of health to relinquish the Waioli parish, after having labored there nine years, and to seek a situation in a drier climate. He had once had the misfortune, when on one of his preaching tours, to sink with his horse in quicksands in crossing a stream; and though rescued by the natives, he was so thoroughly chilled by a ride afterwards eight miles in drenched clothes to his home as to contract asthma, which distressed him the remainder of his life. For this reason the mission voted for his removal from Waioli, to take charge of the seminary at Lahainaluna. He removed thither with his family in 1843.

Of the founding and plan of this seminary we have the following account by Rev. R. Anderson: "The school system ceased at length to be a power in the land, such as it had been. The five or six hundred teachers had taught their pupils to read and write and perhaps a little more, but had now exhausted their stock of knowledge, and the system was coming to a dead stand. The Mission therefore resolved to establish a high school at Lahainaluna, on Maui, with the special object of educating teachers. The school was opened in September, 1831, with the Rev. Lorrin Andrews as Principal, and twenty-five young men as pupils. Before the

close of the year the pupils increased to sixty-seven. The course of study was to embrace four years, and was liberal for so youthful a nation. The American Board did much toward the needful buildings. . . . Houses were erected for a printing office and for three ordained married teachers. These buildings, with dormitories for more than a hundred students, formed a village of some interest. There were in 1837 one hundred and seven pupils. . . . There was a small theological class in the seminary."

Lahainaluna is situated on the southwest, the leeward, side of Maui, about a mile and a half inland from the town of Lahaina, and on the slope of mountains that rise, with grand steep ridges and narrow gorges, to the height of five thousand eight hundred and twenty feet. The scenery of the mountains, of the garden town of Lahaina, of a frowning old volcanic crater on one side, and of the ocean, and three other islands not far distant, has always been greatly admired.

Mr. Alexander was here at first associated in the care of this institution with Rev. J. S. Emerson, who removed to Oahu in 1846, and Rev. Sheldon Dibble, who died in 1845, and afterwards with Rev. T. D. Hunt, who remained one year, and with Rev. J. F. Pogue, who afterwards succeeded him in presiding over the institution.

The pupils of the seminary were the most promising youth from fourteen to twenty years of age who could be selected from the schools of the islands. Tuition was free; but the pupils were obliged to provide their own food, which they did by cultivating a fine tract of taro land, donated to the seminary by the chief, Hoapili. To the Hawaiian people this institution was a university, completing their education for school-teaching, for

law practice and civil service, and for the ministry. Many of the graduates became leading men in the Government and in the churches.

The students were obliged to work under overseers a portion of every day in farming and in carpentry, masonry, and other trades.

A church was organized of the pupils and of the inhabitants of the adjacent valleys. Sometimes there was much religious interest, and many made profession of religion, and afterwards became ministers of the gospel and foreign missionaries. Three of these, Kauwealoha, Kekela, and Kaiwi, have proved worthy missionaries in the Marquesas Islands.

Mr. Alexander sent all of his children to the Punahou school. The home-coming of these children, and of those of the associate teachers, in vacations, by a tedious voyage with much seasickness, in small, slow-sailing craft, was a great event at Lahainaluna. A white flag at the mast-head, the usual signal of missionaries, or of their children, announced their coming; and long before they reached the port, horses were ready for them at the beach; and the welcomes home, with devout thanksgivings to God, were most tender and affectionate. The time of vacations passed quickly for the children, in baths in the sea, rambles in the valleys, and excursions to the summits of the mountains.

Four of Mr. Alexander's children, three daughters and one son, were born during his residence at Lahainaluna, all of whom in course of time were sent to the Punahou school. The oldest sons were at length sent to the United States to finish their education. It is touching to read Mr. Alexander's letters of this time, expressing his feelings in these separations from his children. An extract from one is here given:—

"LAHAINALUNA, February 1, 1855.

"MY DEAR SON: Last Sabbath was a joyful day to us. First, it was a fair, sunshiny day after a constant storm since this year began. Secondly, the steamer brought home our dear ones, from Punahou school, who, weather-bound, had already lost one week of the short vacation, and whom we rejoice to have now safe at home; and thirdly, we received letters from both you and your brother. . . Altogether the tender cords of our souls are so set a-vibrating that we spent the balance of the day in a sort of dreamy delirium. Oh, shall we be ever allowed to see you all at home together once more? It would make me feel somewhat like old Simeon, 'Now let thy servant depart in peace.'"

The sedentary employment at Lahainaluna was injurious to Mr. Alexander's health, for which reason in 1849 he was granted by the mission one year of respite from school teaching. He spent this year in surveying land for the Hawaiian Government in Kamaole, on East Maui. Here, at an elevation of twenty-five hundred feet above the sea, he lived in a tent, and was engaged in cutting trails through the forest to divide the country into sections for sale to the natives. He preached regularly on Sundays in this district. He also did surveying during the vacations of the school, and thereby both recruited his health and obtained the means to educate his children. It was during this period that that peaceful revolution took place, which changed the Hawaiian Government from an absolute into a constitutional monarchy, and gave the poor serfs their homesteads in fee simple. In this grand movement Mr. Alexander was intensely interested; and he gave to its leaders his hearty sympathy and co-operation. Judge Lee, if not the prime mover, was certainly the guiding mind in this reform; and

between him and Mr. Alexander there existed that strong mutual sympathy and esteem which two such noble spirits naturally feel for each other.

A biography of Mr. Alexander can hardly be properly made without reference to his brother missionaries, with whose lives his own was closely connected. Often his house was their resort on their way to and from Honolulu. Of them all no one was more welcome than Rev. R. Armstrong, his classmate in Princeton Seminary and fellow-passenger on the *Averick*, with whom he was in hearty sympathy in the work of Hawaiian education, and for whom he ever cherished more than a brother's friendship.

During the year 1845 Rev. Samuel Whitney, one of the pioneer missionaries, and a very dear friend and fellow-voyager of Mr. Alexander, arrived at Lahainaluna from Oahu in serious sickness. He died in Mr. Alexander's house a death which Mr. Alexander described as surpassingly glorious in Christian hope and joy. The funeral sermon, preached by Mr. Alexander, is valuable for the account it gives of one of the best men ever known in the islands.

On the 29th of August, 1855, another beloved missionary brother of his died, Rev. H. R. Hitchcock. Mr. Alexander went over to the funeral at Molokai, and wrote of him to one of his children, "He died rejoicing in the hopes of the gospel. His dominant passion has always been to preach, and his great desire to live longer seemed to be simply that he might preach more." Mr. Alexander wrote an obituary notice of him for the *Friend*. Nor can we fail to mention his neighbor and life-long friend, Rev. D. Baldwin, of Lahaina, doubly connected with him by family ties, who has since rejoined him in a better world.

Besides his labors in the Lahainaluna Seminary, Mr. Alexander did considerable in preparing books for the Hawaiians. He published a "Pastor's Manual," common school and Sabbath-school books, the two standard books on "The Evidences of Christianity," and "A System of Theology;" of each of which there have been two editions.

# CHAPTER X.

## WAILUKU.

IN 1856, by advice of physicians, Mr. Alexander resigned his post at Lahainaluna, after having there labored thirteen years, and took charge for a few months of the ranch of Ulapalakua, as an excellent place to recruit his health.

In November of the same year he accepted a call to the church at Wailuku, where he continued to reside and labor the twenty-seven remaining years of his life.

The Wailuku parish consisted of four churches situated on the slopes, below the valleys of the West Maui Mountains, and was called for the running streams of those valleys, Nawaicha (The-four-waters). Mr. Alexander occupied the old mission home in Wailuku, built by Rev. R. Armstrong at the mouth of the Iao Valley, and three miles from the seaport of Kahului. Beyond this port is East Maui, with its great mountain, Haleakela (House-of-the-sun), ten thousand feet in height, on the summit of which is the largest extinct crater in the world. A description of Iao Valley, by Miss I. Bird, is here inserted, because it was a place of frequent resort for rest and recreation:—

"At Iao people may throw away pen and pencil in equal despair. The trail leads up a gorge dark with forest trees, and then opens out into an amphitheater

walled in by precipices from three to six thousand feet high, misty with numerous waterfalls, plumed with kukuis and feathery with ferns; a green-clad needle of stone one thousand feet in height, the last refuge of an army routed when the Wailuku (Waters-of-slaughter) ran red with blood, keeps guard over the valley. Other needles there are, and mimic ruins of bastions and ramparts, and towers came and passed in sunshine and shadow. . . . And over the grey crags and piled up pinnacles, and glorified green of the marvelous vision, lay a veil of thin blue haze, steeping the whole in a serenity that hardly seemed to belong to earth. This valley is not surpassed for grandeur in the islands."

Mr Alexander preached Sabbath mornings in the Wailuku church, and Sabbath afternoons alternately in the three towns, Waikapu, Waiehu and Waihee, and occasionally near Kahului. There were also morning prayer-meetings and Wednesday afternoon meetings together with pastoral visitation, and, until a physician arrived in the region, much medical care of the sick.

In 1858 he was sent by the mission to the United States of America to seek an endowment for Oahu College and to select a President for the same. With his wife and two daughters and a son of Rev. E. Bond in his care, he took passage in December of that year on the *Mountain Wave*, Captain Hardy, for a voyage around Cape Horn, and arrived at New Bedford the following April, after twenty-nine years' absence from his native land. The visits to the old homes and re-unions with relatives and friends, and especially the meeting once more of his wife with her aged mother were very delightful, and yet partly sad, because of the changes thirty years had wrought. He remarked at

this time, that, looking back over the past, he could say with Joshua, "that not one thing had failed of all the good things which the Lord God had promised." He returned with his wife to the Hawaiian Islands, by way of Aspinwall and California, in December, 1859.

During the year after his arrival home, he united with the other foreign and native pastors of the island, in organizing the "Presbytery of Maui and Molokai," which continues prosperous and in good working to the present time.

This Presbytery contained both Presbyterian and Congregational Churches, as under it each pastor was free to adopt the form of church government to which he was accustomed. It was also combined with the associations established on the other islands, under the one general "Hawaiian Evangelical Association." There has thus happily been a union of two denominations in harmonious working in the whole history of the Hawaiian Mission. Mr. Alexander's sentiments, and those of the mission, were very liberal, as was shown by a statement he made at the meeting of the American Board in Philadelphia, in 1859, that during his voyage to the islands on the *Averick*, in 1832, it never occurred to any of the nineteen missionaries of his company, to inquire of each other's denominational status, which were Congregational and which Presbyterian, and that this was not ascertained till they had been at work one or two years. They lost nothing by not entering into denominational strife.

During the same year the churches under his care were blessed with a revival, which is thus described by Dr. Anderson: "Mr. Alexander returned to his field at Wailuku, on Maui, in June, 1860, after an absence in the

United States of eighteen months, and was deeply impressed with the low state of piety among the people. But brighter days were near. In October there was cheering evidence of an unseen power moving on the hearts of the people. The morning prayer-meetings, which had been greatly neglected, were attended by increased numbers, and there was an evident increase of solemnity in those who attended public worship on the Sabbath. Backsliders spontaneously confessed their wanderings, and asked an interest in the prayers of God's people. Some of the most careless and profligate evinced great concern for their soul's salvation, and Christians prayed as they had not before been heard to do. Fair professors of religion, who had been living in secret sin, were constrained to come forward and confess their wickedness, and beg the prayers of their brethren. The members of the church were drawn together, and together they sought the Lord. For successive weeks they met for prayer and exhortation three times a day, and sometimes they protracted the afternoon meetings till eight or nine o'clock in the evening; and a few times they continued all night in prayer and mutual exhortations. Fearing evil would result from such protracted meetings the missionary advised their discontinuance. Young converts sought out former companions in wickedness, and endeavored to bring them to Christ. Brethren of the church went in companies of three, four or five, and visited every house, whether of professed Christians, Baptists or Mormons. Multitudes were thus brought under the influence of the gospel, who, living far up the valleys and ravines, were almost inaccessible to their pastor. A wonderful change indeed came over the whole communnity.

"For six months and more prayer-meetings were held as early as the dawn of day in as many as eight different places, and the people seemed to take delight in meeting each other at that early hour. Scripture knowledge was valued and sought, as it had never been before. Many entered on the practice of reading the whole Bible through in a year. Pious women also were very active in promoting the revival."

By appointment of the mission Mr. Alexander commenced a theological school in 1863, which, in addition to pastoral labor, he taught five days each week for eleven years, "instructing in all sixty-seven pupils, more than half of whom entered the ministry and did good work in the native churches and Micronesia." . . The members of the Wailuku church generously boarded the pupils.

In this connection it is interesting to quote the testimony contained in Dr. Anderson's "Hawaiian Islands" to the character of the Hawaiian ministers, as given by Dr. Wetmore.

"Our ministers and delegates are as a body a very respectable class of men; we are not ashamed of them. They stand up nobly on every question of importance, and discuss and vote as intelligently (I was about to say) as the majority of the missionary Fathers; and I think such an assertion would not be untruthful. Four years ago there was considerable trepidation in regard to allowing them to have an equal part and lot in ministerial work; but now such fears have vanished, and the hand of fellowship is extended heartily. We rejoice greatly over it. As Paul said, 'We thank God and take courage.'"

Of the ministers educated at this school and at La-

hainaluna special mention should be made of Kuaia, who, when an infant, had been buried alive by his parents and rescued by the missionaries, and who became one of the most eloquent preachers of the nation; and of Kauwealoha, who labored with great devotion in the Marquesas Islands, and who, when the Hawaiian Board contemplated withdrawing from that mission, declared that he would continue to labor there, even if not supported; that as he began life clothed only in a *malo*, he would return to such a dress before relinquishing his work; and of David Malo, one of the most original of the Hawaiian preachers. A specimen of the style of the latter is here given in his discourse on the story of Dives. "Why," he asked, "did the rich man in hell wish someone to be sent to warn his brethren? There is no benevolence in hell. Nothing but selfishness could have prompted the desire. Ah!" he exclaimed, "I see the reason. He thought he would thus himself get out. He expected that he himself would be sent to warn his brethren." Seeking to account for the irreligious lives of some of the white men, he held two dollars over his eyes, and exclaimed, "This is their predicament. They can see nothing; for money blinds their eyes." A Christian was represented as like a stalk of sugar-cane, sweet in the outside rind, and sweet to the core. He preached a sermon to prove the existence of God, which was published for its original arguments, well adapted to the native mind. Mention should also be made of Pilipo and Kauhane, who, almost single-handed, through several successive sessions of the Legislature resisted the corrupt government, and who also showed great ability as preachers.

Associated with Mr. Alexander, at this mission station, was Mr. Edward Bailey, who, as a missionary teacher,

had done important work at Kohala and Lahainaluna, and in a female seminary at this place, and who, with his family, living in adjoining premises, was always in delightful sympathy and co-operation with Mr. Alexander in enterprises for the good of the people. They labored together in establishing and building up the East Maui Female Seminary, and in organizing the Foreign Church of Wailuku.

In 1869 Mr. Alexander resigned his pastorate of the Wailuku church, in order to give more attention to the Theological School, and in order to carry out the plan of installing a native ministry. Yet he continued to preach once every Sabbath, to assist in the pastoral care of the churches, and to take an active part in the sessions of the Presbytery and of the Evangelical Association.

In 1874 he was obliged, by failing health, to relinquish the Theological School; and it was removed to Honolulu, and there for a while conducted by Rev. J. D. Paris and others, and afterwards by Rev. C. M. Hyde, D. D., with the aid of Rev. H. H. Parker.

# CHAPTER XI.

## VOYAGES TO THE MARQUESAS AND MICRONESIAN ISLANDS.

IN the year 1871 Mr. Alexander was sent as a delegate of the mission on the *Morning Star*, to the Marquesas Islands. It was very interesting to again see the field of his labors forty years before, and delightful to meet his pupils, the noble missionaries Kauwealoha and Kekela, and to see the success of their work among the worst savages of the Pacific. He was again sent the following year as a delegate to Micronesia. We have a full journal of his trip through those islands, from which a few extracts are here given:—

"*Brig Morning Star, July 5, 1872.*—We had a delightful farewell meeting at the wharf in Honolulu. As we passed out by the *Nebraska*, her band struck up a lively air that was very rousing, and just beyond, on the esplanade, Brother Bingham and other friends gave us a last salutation in rapturous song, 'Waft, waft, ye winds, the story,' etc. Brother Pogue went out with us and returned with the pilot." He then recounts very interesting visits at many islands, on some of which he met with wild, unclothed savages, and on some with orderly, well-dressed congregations of Christian converts.

He first spent a month in cruising through the Gilbert Islands, visiting first five islands occupied by nine Samoan teachers, of whom he speaks very highly, and

then six islands in which ten Hawaiian missionaries were laboring with an encouraging degree of success. He conversed with the Samoan teachers, through Kanoa, in the Gilbert language.

At Apaiang they found the U. S. steamer *Narragansett*, Captain Meade, at anchor. Captain Meade had come to compel the chief, who had destroyed Mr. Bingham's house, to make restitution. He had collected $79 from him, and arranged to have the balance paid the following year. He had also compelled that chief and his party to leave the island and return to Tarawa.

Here they took on board a worthy couple to assist Mr. Bingham in his work of translating the Bible into the Gilbert language. They then proceeded to Butaritari, the northernmost island, where they arrived on the 15th of August. The people appeared glad to receive back their faithful missionary, Kanoa, and his wife.

"We visited the council-house, the largest that we have seen, two hundred and fifty feet long, one hundred wide, and ninety high. . . . Here I called upon the king, Nakaiea, famous for having hanged one of his wives, and for having shot three Hawaiian sailors. He was jealous of this wife, and on one occasion, as he was playing with her on a schooner, he made a noose with a rope, and proposed to her to put her head into it, which she did, thinking it a joke. He then made his men hoist her up, and kept her swinging till she was dead. He has now about twenty wives, who are kept like prisoners in jail. His house is surrounded by a high stone wall, and looks more like a fort than a dwelling. When king Kamehameha V. wrote to him, remonstrating with him for shooting Hawaiians, he sent him word

that he was ready to fight him in single combat. He would weigh two hundred pounds; he is a great drunkard, and wholly addicted to heathen dances, etc. His brother, however, attends the instructions of the missionaries, and is hopefully pious."

The *Morning Star* had a narrow escape from being wrecked at Mili, which he recounts as follows:—

"*August 23.*—Yesterday morning at quarter past three I was aroused by hearing Mr. Grey, the second officer, shout, 'Captain, I see breakers!' I was soon dressed. 'Starboard the helm!' the captain cried. Alas! there were breakers on both sides, and land all around. The sails were turned aback; the heavens were dark; the rain pouring in torrents. We grounded. The boat was lowered, and the water was sounded all around the vessel. A depth of ten or twelve fathoms was found in one direction near at hand. We got out the kedge, and as the tide was rising were soon afloat again, and warped into deep water. Here we anchored, and, like Paul, wished for day. When it came we found ourselves in a lagoon of Mili."

They had come into a small lagoon inclosed by coral reef, near the large lagoon of Mili. This small lagoon had so narrow an entrance that a vessel entering it would strike the reef by going a ship's length either way. By almost a miracle, driving blindly in the darkness of the night, they had come into it safely.

"We had supposed we were many miles to the eastward of Mili. The captain took observations for longitude both at eight A. M. and four P. M. the day previous, but he must have made a mistake. We examined all our surroundings and found that we could get out only where we had entered, and that only at high tide, and

that the tide in the afternoon was too late for making the attempt. We therefore warped up to a point near the passage, ready for a breeze this morning, to take us out. It is now half-past six; the tide is up, the sea smooth; but, alas! *no wind*. What shall we do? . . . We may bury the beautiful *Morning Star* here, and get back to Honolulu, who can tell when or how? In the evening a large prau visited us, and gave us pilots who profess to be able to guide us into the proper place of anchorage. I never felt more my dependence upon God. In him is all our help. . . .

"*August 24.*—This morning at high tide the sea was smooth, but there was no wind; so after getting ready to attempt to escape from our prison, we clewed up the sails again. Then a squall and lively breeze sprung up; but we dared not raise our anchor, lest while doing it the wind should drift us onto the rocks on the other side of the channel. We therefore wait another day hoping then to have a kedge and hawser ready to hold on by till we get the anchor out. The rain is pouring and has been pouring ever since we entered here. We recognize the kind hand of our heavenly Father in bringing us safely in, instead of wrecking us on the reef, and will praise him for it while we live.

"*August 25, Sabbath.*—A light breeze this morning blows directly in where we hope to go out, and forbids our attempt; so we wait another day. It is high tide and seven o'clock. We must therefore go out in the morning. This is the first of the Marshall Islands we have visited. Though only one hundred and eighty miles from the Gilbert Islands, the language is so different that the people cannot converse together. They are of smaller stature and differ in costume. We find

some of them naked. They wear a mother Eve's girdle of hau bark attached to a bustle around the waist and hanging down to the knees. This bustle is made of lauhala and is so thick as to give the appearance of the Grecian bend. The people also wear their hair bound up in a tuft on the top of the head. The holes for ear-rings are so large that I thrust my whole hand through one. Another that I measured was five and a half inches in diameter, and another seven. . . .

"*Friday, August 30.*—On Wednesday morning the wind was fair, and we attempted to come out. In the swell we rubbed bottom, and rubbed harder. On we went grinding, and at last stuck fast, the swell lifting and dropping us down on the coral. I thought our vessel would be broken up; but with a kedge we got back into deep water in our prison. We tacked back and returned, to make another attempt to escape, and, aided by a kind Providence, we were successful. A high chief of Mili was our pilot. We entered the Mili lagoon, and anchored near Kahelemauna's at dark. Kahelemauna came to us on our way. Thursday I went on shore. I was delighted with the work of the Lord on Mili. One hundred pupils recited large portions of Scripture; they have learned to read and write and cipher; they are organized into fourteen classes, each having a teacher; they are warmly attached to their teachers; and many are anxious to flee the wrath to come. The Lord is with his servant here.

"*September 2.*—We reached Ebon at nine A. M. Soon Messrs. Snow and Whitney came off to welcome us. Oh, how hearty was their welcome! . . . The people of Ebon are more civilized than any we have met in Micronesia. All are dressed. The gospel has been

heartily embraced by many. . . . At Namerik I had a very affecting meeting with Kaaia [his former pupil, a missionary], who embraced me and wept like a child. He has been very sick, so also his wife. They are both pretty well now. In going ashore we had to wade half a mile. We then crossed over to the other side of the island, where Kaaia lives. His house was soon filled with eager natives, all well clad. Mr. Snow and I addressed them and prayed with them. I vaccinated about twenty of them and gave a lancet to Kaaia to carry on the work. . . . Several of the ladies, after I had vaccinated them, made a graceful bow and said, 'Thank you, sir,' in their language.

"*September 9.*—We arrived at Kusaie, or Strong's Island. There are only about three hundred people on the island, although there were formerly twelve hundred, but they are more highly civilized than any other Micronesians we have seen. They all talk a little English, and the children from six years old and upward read and sing sweetly and are very polite. They have an ordained pastor of their own people, the Rev. Libiak Sa. The island is about three thousand feet high, and is covered with verdure to the summit.

"Leaving Mr. and Mrs. Snow to renew their labors on Kusaie, we proceeded westward, and on the 14th touched at Mugil, where Bonabean teachers have been laboring with remarkable success. The chief of Mugil and the teachers and several of the people took passage with us to Bonabe, where we arrived September 15.

My visit at Bonabe was like wandering in a fairy land. The verdure is excessive. We cannot get through the bush except along the paths. The people go around with knives to cut their way. Bread-fruit, oranges, taro,

bananas, pine-apples, papaias, arrowroot, and sago-palms abound; also the durion, a forest tree loaded with pear-shaped fruit, nine inches long by five inches thick; also the shaddock, cheremoya, etc. I attended the examination of Mr. Doane's school. He has taught music more scientifically than has been done in any of the other mission stations. His pupils sing by note. . . . At the Kiti church eight couples were married. I tied the knot for the first two pairs, who were chiefs. We passed near Shalong, Dr. Gulick's station, and saw the row of cocoanuts he planted; we dined at Shapalap, one of Mr. Sturges' stations. Several couples were married. I married the first couple, the king of Mugil and his bride. We organized the church of Mugil, and administered the Lord's Supper. This church consists of ten members. . . . Brother Doane holds on to his work and sends his feeble wife with us to seek a cooler climate. . . . The Lord bless these dear brethren in their solitary labors."

On returning from Bonabe, they landed their friends of Mugil at their homes, and also touched at Pingelap, where they landed seven natives of that island, who had been instructed at Bonabe. They called at Kusaie, took Mr. and Mrs. Snow back to Ebon, and then sailed for Honolulu, arriving there November 17, after an absence of one hundred and thirty-seven days. The following summary is taken from his report:—

"The Micronesian nations differ from each other in their living, their manufactures, and in their civil polity. The Gilbert Islands yield for the inhabitants little else than the pandanus and the cocoanut, while bread-fruit, taro, bananas and yams and many other varieties of food abound on the Marshall Islands, Kusaie and

Bonabe. The Gilbert islanders are the lowest in manufactures; their little canoes are made by sewing together narrow pieces of cocoanut boards with sinnet; their houses are simply roofs of pandanus thatch, with open sides; their clothing (most of the men have none) a sort of Adam and Eve's apron made of cocoanut leaves; their beds a coarse pandanus mat, and another like it for a covering. Their weapons of war, offensive and defensive, exhibit more skill than any other manufacture. Their helmet and coat of mail, made of the cocoanut fiber, is of such firm and substantial fabric that it cannot be penetrated by their spears; and I doubt whether a pistol ball would penetrate it; their spears, too, varying from a foot to ten or twelve feet in length, armed with sharks' teeth, or with the poisonous stingaree, are fearful-looking weapons.

"The Marshall islanders are all clad; among them we find the bustle added to the fig-leaf apron, very fine embroidered mats, nice fans and curious baskets and satchels, more substantial houses, and much larger canoes, almost equal, in fact, to our schooners. And when we reach Kusaie and Bonabe, we find looms for weaving elegant belts of thread made from the Manilla banana, and mats for carpet, superior to that we import from China.

"The Gilbert islanders are Democratic. The people meet in the council-houses and discuss and decide all measures of state. This is eminently the case till we approach the north end of the group, near the Marshall Islands; there they have imbibed the infection of royalty; but even there the chiefs are not regarded with the abject reverence which is paid to them in the groups farther west. In Mille, one of the Marshall Islands, the will of

the king is law. He has forbidden the men to wear pantaloons, and none dare to wear them. The people, both there and on Kusaie and Bonabe, are all serfs. The chiefs own all the land. When a common native approaches his chief, he comes on all fours. . . .

"The experience we have had during the voyage impresses me with the belief that a steam launch is needed for the *Morning Star*."

# CHAPTER XII.

## THE WAILUKU HOME.

"How beautiful is the old age of piety, the faith and devotion that through a long life have waited upon God, merging into the peace of Christ's coming and the joy of the heavenly rest. No fears, no cares, no doubts; but a trust in God so calm and full that even death is waited for in holy expectation, as the consolation promised to Israel, as the longed-for vision of Christ."—*J. P. Thompson, on Simeon.*

The quaint old mansion of Mr. Alexander, at Wailuku, at length became a sort of ideal home, beautiful with many varieties of tropical fruit trees, with palms and ornamental shrubbery and flowering vines, delightful as the center of a large circle of children, dwelling mostly on the same island, and as a place of unbounded hospitality, and attractive by the magnetic kindness, the sunny humor, and the beauty and power of the piety there displayed. In this home the desire long previously expressed by Mr. Alexander, for a reunion of his family, was at length fulfilled; and in 1873 a gathering was held of all his family, the first and the only complete gathering of them ever held, then twenty-nine in number, counting parents, children and grandchildren, amongst whom there had not yet been a single death. The hearts of all overflowed in thanksgiving to God.

A yet more memorable gathering was held in the year 1881, on October 25, at Haiku, for his golden wedding, an account of which, kindly prepared by Rev. T. Rouse, is here given:—

"The happy event on Maui the past week has been

THE WAILUKU HOME.

the celebration of the golden wedding of the veteran missionaries, Rev. W. P. and Mrs. Mary A. Alexander, the 25th day of October being the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. The event was announced by the previous issue of elegant cards of invitation printed in gold, as follows:—

1831–1881.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

Rev. and Mrs. W. P. Alexander
will receive their friends at the
FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY
of their marriage, on Tuesday afternoon
at two o'clock,
October 25, 1881,
at the residence of their son,
Rev. James M. Alexander, Haiku, Maui.

The day was perfect. The beautiful grounds at Glenside were in complete order, and the house seemed embowered in vines and flowers as you approached. At the appointed hour the guests began to arrive. Rev. and Mrs. Alexander welcomed them at the door, and they passed into halls and parlors that were like a bower of green and gold. Wreaths of fern and maile, braided with golden-colored flowers, adorned the walls and passages. Over one entrance you were greeted with 'Aloha' and 'Welcome,' in golden letters. Between the parlors was an ingenious monogram in gold, of the initials of the bride and groom, and the dates, 1831–1881, connected by fifty small gilt stars. On the wall of the back parlor was the appropriate motto in green, 'Children are the crown of old men, and the glory of children are their fathers.' The house was ablaze with golden colors, and every table, corner and bracket was brilliant with flowers and foliage; beneath a green arch across

one corner of the parlor were suspended two rows of golden stars. The upper row, of eighteen stars, represented the children, both husbands and wives, the nine children having become eighteen by marriage, and the under row, of twenty-eight lesser stars, represented the grandchildren living. Directly under these hung the marriage bell, a beautiful structure of evergreen and roses. Beneath this canopy of beauty, constructed by the loving hands of their children, sat the handsome old couple, the observed and loved of all observers, looking fresh and hearty, and as if they were good for the diamond wedding twenty-five years hence.

"Promptly at two o'clock, the rooms and verandas being filled with guests, the exercises commenced. They were simple, appropriate, and full of tender feeling, enlivened now and then by flashes of wit and touching references, drawing alternately smiles and tears. First came an anthem, 'Let every heart rejoice and sing.' Next an address to the parents, in behalf of the children, by the eldest son, Prof. W. D. Alexander, as follows:—

"'My Dear Parents: It is no common occasion that has called us together to-day to rejoice in the wonderful goodness of our heavenly Father to us, and to present you with these little tokens of the gratitude and affection which to you is far more "precious than the gold which perisheth."

"'Fifty years ago to-day, on the banks of the blue Susquehannah, you plighted faith in a union "longer than life and stronger than death," and at the same time consecrated your joint lives to your divine Master's service.

"'If ever "matches are made in Heaven," this was one over which angels might rejoice, for God's benedic-

tion rested upon it, and has followed it ever since. It was his presence felt, though unseen, that has sustained you through all the trials and perils you have been called to pass through in all the horrors of that first voyage around Cape Horn; again when you took your lives in your hands and went among Marquesan cannibals; and through all your lonely and self-denying labors as missionaries on these islands. And now in your peaceful old age, rich as it is in "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends," the same divine presence seems to shed a radiance on your path and to give you glimpses of the celestial city, such as Bunyan's pilgrim enjoyed in the land of Beulah.

"'Like Jacob of old, who said, "With my staff I passed over this Jordan; and now I am become two bands," so now you can call the roll of nine children by marriage, and twenty-eight grandchildren, living. And during these fifty years death has entered our family circle but once, when it snatched away a grandchild in infancy. The words of Tennyson may be fitly applied to each of you:—

> "I see thee sitting, crowned with good,
> A central warmth, diffusing bliss,
> In glance and smile and clasp and kiss
> On all the branches of thy blood."

"'As you look back on the past half century, what wonderful changes you must call to mind. You have witnessed nearly all the steps of the process by which this land has been transformed from heathen barbarism to Christian civilization, of which work you might truly say *pars magna fuimus*. The railroad, the telegraph, and a hundred other inventions for conquering time and space, and saving human labor, have all originated during your life-time; and now, instead of one mail a year

reaching you, six months after date, around Cape Horn, a week's voyage puts us in immediate connection with the whole civilized world. What would we not give to have your photographs as you appeared at the wedding ceremony fifty years ago to compare with the portraits painted for this anniversary.

"'But after all, these wonderful inventions of our days do not produce greater souls nor nobler characters; they do not make us better or braver or wiser than our fathers and mothers.

"'There are some thoughts and feelings too sacred and tender to be fully expressed in words. Only God can know all that you have done for each of us from infancy till now. Those who have known you best have loved and revered you the most.

"'By example, much more than by precept, you have taught us to live for something higher than what the world counts success, and to seek the favor of God more than the praise of men. We thank you that you have taught us to *be* rather than to *seem*, to abhor all that is false and all that is sordid or base; and to cultivate charity, forbearance, humility, and other old-fashioned virtues,

> "And thus to bear without abuse
> The grand old name of gentleman,
> Defamed by every charlatan
> And soiled by all ignoble use."

"'Accept, dear parents, this imperfect expression of our gratitude and love. May your last days be your best days, and "at eventide may it be light," about you, till

> "Hope be changed to glad fruition,
> Faith to sight, and earth to Heaven."'

"After this came remarks congratulatory and reminiscent by the pastor at Makawao, Rev. T. H. Rouse,

followed by prayer; and this part of the exercises was concluded by an original song, written for the occasion by Rev. J. M. Alexander, to the tune of Auld Lang Syne, which was rendered as a solo by Miss Sheeley, of the Seminary, the children joining in the chorus.

"'Should life's long pathway be forgot,
Which hand in hand was trod
Through fifty years of wedded love
By gracious help of God,
When bright and golden memories shine
From days of Auld Lang Syne?

"'With strength from old Kentucky State,
And beauty won from where
Flow Susquehannah's waters bright,
Began that pathway fair;
And sweet and tender memories shine
From days of Auld Lang Syne.

"'Guided by holy zeal that path
Led far o'er ocean blue,
Six months on Av'rick's rocking deck
To islands strange and new,
And long the hearts of love did pine
For friends of Auld Lang Syne.

"'Soon from Oahu's shores it led
To where Marquesans grim
Asked the first child, to make him king,
Or else for eating him;
And strange and weird some memories shine
From days of Auld Lang Syne.

"'Again o'er seas it led to give
Waioli joy and hope,
To light Lahainaluna's hill,
And bless Wailuku's slope;
And holy, blessed memories shine
From days of Auld Lang Syne.

"'Long has the joyous pathway been
O'er lands and ocean blue;
And now its wayside flowers of love
Yield fruits of golden hue;
And riper, sweeter blessings shine
Than those of Auld Lang Syne.

"'While now the tread of age grows weak,
And gray the brows enfold,

The sweet and tender love of youth
Has ne'er "grown dim or old;"
For now the hearts more warmly shine
Than in the Auld Lang Syne.

"'That path, when viewed through fifty years
Of care for children nine,
And holy toil for Heaven's cause,
"Seems all transformed" to shine,
For holy light did e'er enshrine
Those days of Auld Lang Syne.

"'We praise the Lord, whose hand has led
Through all this path of love;
Long may he lead through scenes of earth
And to the home above,
Where brighter joys will ever shine
Than those of Auld Lang Syne.'

"Then followed another service of a different kind, but most touching and beautiful. It was the baptism, by the honored father, of his twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth grandchildren, a son and a daughter of Mr. Henry P. Baldwin and Rev. James M. Alexander respectively (Frederick Chambers Baldwin and Sarah Eva Alexander) The patriarchal old man, the lovely children, his tender words, the sweet consecration, was a spectacle that moved every heart, and appropriately crowned the exercises of this happy day.

"Congratulations were now in order, and many were the hearty shakes and loving words and tender wishes for health and prosperity, that were showered on the happy couple by neighbors, friends, guests, children, and grandchildren, young and old.

"Refreshments followed. A table with cloth draped in gold was loaded with everything that the season afforded. Conspicuous was a large bride's loaf beautifully decorated with a golden monogram, with the dates 1831 and 1881. This was flanked by two others of the same kind, while numerous frosted loaves brought up the rear, with sandwiches, fruit, lemonade, tea and coffee

in gilded cups, to all of which ample justice was done by the numerous guests, numbering over eighty. During the whole afternoon one great center of attraction was a table standing near the bridal corner containing golden presents from the children and their friends. First was a gold watch for the honored father, an elaborate and beautiful piece of work, richly chased on both covers, and surmounted on one side by an elegant monogram of the father's initials. On the inside was the name, date and occasion. For the bride was also a lady's watch richly chased and ornamented, inlaid with jet, and engraved with name and date like the other. This was accompanied with a heavy gold chain of fine workmanship. Both watches were inclosed in rich and highly ornamented cases, and were as perfect of their kind as could be found. There was also a golden canehead for the father, beautifully finished and lettered with his initials. Another valuable gift was a pair of portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, life size, excellent likenesses. They were painted at Wailuku by Mrs. Gillan, an accomplished artist from California. On account of the difficulty of transportation the portraits were not brought.

"The present from the grandchildren consisted of a large photograph album in velvet and gold, very beautiful, to be filled with their pictures. An engrossed copy of the addresses and poems read on the occasion, in an ornamented cover, with the proper names and dates, was also presented to the honored pair at the close of the exercises.

"It was not expected that presents would be given outside of the family; but the table contained a considerable number of articles, useful, ornamental and elegant, mostly gold, with some coins and pictures, the gifts of loving friends, present and absent. . . .

"As evening drew on the guests reluctantly departed, and thus closed this beautiful anniversary, the like of which had not occurred in these islands, or among any other of the mission families, though a few days only were wanting to complete the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of Rev. D. B. Lyman, of Hilo, another of the missionary Fathers.

"The children, children-in-law and grandchildren of Father and Mother Alexander, who are living, number forty-four, thirty of whom were present. The only death among them in fifty years is that of one grandchild."

In 1882 the Wailuku churches, native and foreign, were blessed with a revival under the labors of Mr. Hallenbeck, introduced and assisted by Rev. A. O. Forbes, the Secretary of the Hawaiian Board. Mr. Alexander greatly rejoiced in this good work, and labored in the union meetings, every night, as well as in visitation through the community. His influence had extended from the native churches throughout the foreign community. He was by all revered as a rare friend and counselor, and was generally affectionately known as "Father Alexander."

Besides him there now remained only one missionary brother (Rev. L. Lyons), and besides his wife only four ladies, of the company of the fourth re-inforcement, that came to the islands on the *Averick* in 1832. His own health was becoming precarious. In 1880 he had once been suddenly taken dangerously ill; his children had only saved his life by chartering a steamer and sending him for the best medical help to Honolulu. He sometimes spoke of death as near, and expressed rare delight at the prospect of soon being in the actual presence of his Lord. "Now," he would sometimes

remark, "is our salvation nearer than when we believed. I shall soon see the Lord." Nearly all the missionary Fathers in the islands were now gone Their departure, one by one, had been like the passing away of an order different from the common mould of mankind. The words with which the ancient psalmist sang of his delight in the "saints," as "the excellent of the earth," as though they were the nobility of the earth were true of them, as they lingered among the increasing foreign population of the islands, conspicuous by their white beards and gray heads, delightful with the ripened sweetness and beauty of life-long consecration to Christ, and elevated above the grasping greed of the multitude by self-sacrificing benevolence. The following lines, written at this time for the jubilee of the pastorate of Rev. L. Lyons, are quoted as appropriate to the subject of this sketch, and as expressing the feelings with which he and the other missionary Fathers were regarded:—

"Linger evening, with your glories,
On Hawaii's mountains grand,
While the deepening shadows darken
All the fading lower land.

"On those mighty domes, that firmly
Stand through storms and earthquake throes,
Brightly pour your purpling twilight,
Gild their dazzling crowns of snows.

"Heaven prolong the brighter evening
Of the self-forgetting love,
That o'er selfish labor towers,
As the mountains tower above;

"That as steadfastly endureth,
By the help of God's right hand,
Through the storms of sin and evil,
As the rock-ribbed mountains stand;

"That through fifty years of toiling,
'Neath the shifting clouds and light,
Ever made sweet songs of gladness,
Like the mountain streamlets bright.

"Through whose shepherd care the erring
Oft came to the Saviour's rest,
As the roaming flocks find shelter
On the lofty mountain's breast.

"May the evening light long brighten
Such rare lingering lives of love,
Stars gleam forth as darkness gathers,
Till the dawn shines from above;

"Till before the Love far higher,
Shining from the dome above,
Sweeter songs of praise are warbled,
And bright crowns are cast in love.

"J. M. A."

# CHAPTER XIII

## SICKNESS AND DEATH.

"Made perfect through suffering."

A LONG cherished plan of visiting his son Samuel, in California, led Mr. Alexander and his wife to leave Wailuku on the 26th of April, 1884. A large company of friends and relatives gathered at Kahului to bid them farewell, almost fearing that one or both of them would never return. The voyage from Honolulu to San Francisco was comfortably made. Three months were then delightfully spent at their son's home in the invigorating climate of Oakland. Mr. Alexander took walks every day, sometimes going a distance of two miles, and was in better health and spirits than for several years previous, until his last sickness suddenly occurred. The history of this sickness is here given by extracts from letters:—

"*July 31, 1884.*—I have only time to write a line to say that father is *pilikia-loa* (in a very critical condition). . . . . He suffered terribly in surgical treatment by a doctor from San Francisco (which treatment was a blunder, and occasioned internal inflammation.)

"*August 10, Sabbath.*—We are waiting for the doctor this morning to hear what he will say about father. He is sleeping quietly now, but I think it may be the effect of opiates. Last evening was an awful time of suffering. He only writhed and groaned in agony, and besought the Lord to deliver him. He felt that there was no hope

of his recovery, and said, 'My life is strong within me; what an awful time of suffering is before me. Pray the Lord to deliver me.' . . . The doctor gave medicine to relieve the pain, which put him to sleep; and he slept nearly all night. This morning he woke up, changed all his clothes, kissed us all, and is now asleep again. . . . We have several times gone down to the borders of the grave with him, and given up all hope; and then he has revived so surprisingly, and enjoyed his food, and planned for his journey home, that we have confidently expected his recovery. For three weeks now Sam has slept on a cot beside him, and waited on him nights, and mother has sat beside him days." (Conversing with his wife about the probability of his not recovering, he said, "I can truly say to God, Thy will be done.")

". . . P. M.—We have all been to see father, who is easier, and Sam had us sing a few hymns. I asked him how he felt; 'Oh, he said, 'comfortable. I love the Lord, because he has heard my supplication. Those beautiful psalms of David seem to have been written for me and for ten thousand others.'

". . . . Father's pain came on again very severely at eleven and twelve Sabbath night. Sam coaxed him to take another opiate, which made him quite comfortable. The doctor says no man could suffer more than he has already. The day his sickness commenced he said, 'The horizon is closing around me.' He has perfect faith in answers to prayer. During last week he was constantly praying to God in his paroxysms of pain to deliver him from his anguish, and when he was free from pain a little while he would say, 'This poor man cried and the Lord heard him.' During all his sufferings he

has been *so* patient. Once when I was in the room I said, 'We feel so sorry for you, father; I wish we could bear some of the pain for you.' He answered with a smile, 'It has been sent where it is most needed I think.' Once he said, 'Sometimes I am on the hill-tops, then again down in the deep valley of humiliation.' Sometimes when we expressed our deep sorrow for the terrible agony he was experiencing, he would answer that it was nothing in comparison with the glory which should be revealed hereafter, and that these light afflictions were but for a moment. M. J. A."

"*August 11, Monday.*—The doctor told Sam yesterday morning that he would probably last several days longer; but last night he had a severe chill and most agonizing pain at the same time. . . . The doctor found him so much weaker to-day that he says he cannot possibly live many hours longer. Oh, it will be a blessed relief for the dear man, when his spirit passes from this life into the blessed life beyond! . . . Monday afternoon when Sam was expressing great sympathy for him, he replied, 'Sam, it is harder to witness suffering than it is to bear it.' He talked a great deal about the love of Christ. 'Oh,' he said, 'it is wonderful!' I think he understood that element in God's character better than others, because his own heart was so full of love for those around him. His wife, his children and his grandchildren, he loved with every fiber of his being, and he still had room in his heart for many others. He was overheard in conversation with one of his grandchildren telling how once when riding to preach at Waihee, thinking of his sermon, he had such an overpowering sense of the love of Christ that he was obliged to dismount from his horse and lie upon the ground to recover himself. M. A."

". . . . *Tuesday morning.*—Father sent his love to all his children at the islands, but he seldom talks. He hears everything. Sam said to him, 'Dear father, to see if he was insensible, and he heard him instantly and put up his arms and clasped them around his neck and said, 'My dear son.' Then he called all the rest that were in the room at the same time and embraced and kissed them. It does seem to me there never was so lovely a man. His grandchildren F. and L. came and he kissed and blessed them, saying, 'The blessing of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob be with you; but he was too feeble to talk more.

". . . . I have come from the gates of the holy city. All day it has been my privilege to linger near your blessed father's dying bed. When I first entered the room and stood as it were upon holy ground, your brother said, 'Father, E. W. is here;' he turned his eyes, already dim to earthly things, and put up his arms and kissed me twice so sweetly and tenderly. I said, 'My own dear father (Rev. R. Armstrong) waits to welcome you,' and in a sweet, faint voice came these words, 'Yes, his God and our God will be waiting for me.' Words were very few after that, for the life-tide seemed ebbing fast. . . . It was one of the most impressive sights I ever witnessed, this wonderful triumph of faith, the soul glowing with love to God and man, when the veil of flesh was rent. Never once did he doubt the tender Shepherd's hand in leading him through the dark valley. I felt God's holy presence in that room, and in all my life I shall know the power of a living faith. MRS. E. WEAVER."

". . . . *Tuesday.*—The doctor has just been here, and says he will not probably live through the day. He

lies back breathing hard. He is so weak that the least thing exhausts him. Yet his mind is perfectly clear, and he hears everything that is said to him. . . . His pains have all left him, and he is peaceful and happy, looking forward with Christian hope and joy to the home which Jesus has prepared for all who love him. . . .

"While I write in this my room, our dear old father is breathing his last. That blessed old man is even now in the 'dark valley of the shadow of death,' and a long, dark, dreary valley he has found it. After an infinite amount of suffering his dear face looks calm and quiet, and as I turn to look, it seems almost to shine like an angel's. . . . What a joy it has been to minister to his every want, and do what I could to help him; and then the blessed words of love and hope that I have heard him utter in night-watches! I never knew before the depths of love there were in his nature; he has been the sunshine and joy of our house. . . . The poor old man was so happy and well before his accident. He said that he had not felt so well for many years previous. Only about five weeks ago he officiated at the grave of our dear little Clarence. We little thought then how soon he too would be placed side by side with the little boy. S. T. A."

"*Wednesday, August 13.*—The long conflict is over. Father lies by me at rest, not father though, he is above with a crown of victory. Oh, what a terrible long valley of the shadow of death he had to pass through to victory! . . . He kept his consciousness to the last, but his power of speech failed. . . . Mother repeated the words, 'In my Father's house are many mansions.' 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.' . . . He lingered

on until twenty minutes past eleven this morning. Once this morning he seemed to recognize mother; but he did not speak to her. He breathed very peacefully at the last, the breath growing fainter and fainter, until we hardly knew when he ceased to breathe.

". . . . Seventy-nine years of labor are over; the bitter anguish of his sickness is over; and now he is glorified. He is meeting with his brothers and sister Ann, with his old missionary brothers, and with our dear little Clarence, and, better than all, with his blessed Saviour, whom he loved so well. . . . A man of God has gone to glory. . . . Oh, that we could have one glimpse beyond the dark shadow! S. T. A."

"*August 14, Thursday.*—The funeral was to-day at two P. M. Father looked so natural and peaceful. The sunshine that always shone in his face had not departed when he lay in his coffin. . . . The services commenced by the choir sweetly and softly singing, 'We Shall Meet in the Sweet By and By.' Dr. McLean then read Matt. 25 : 31–41, also Rev. 7 : 13 to the end, and another passage about the marriage supper. The choir sang 'Rock of Ages.' Drs. Beckwith, Frear, and McLean then made very touching addresses, and Dr. McLean offered prayer. The choir then sang the words, 'Asleep in Jesus.' . . . 'He being dead yet speaketh.' What an inspiration such a life and death, to live as he did, and to die the death of the righteous!

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." Rev. 14 : 13.

# CHAPTER XIV.

## MEMORIAL DISCOURSES AND TESTIMONIALS.

### REMARKS AT THE FUNERAL, BY REV. WALTER FREAR.

I AM very glad to add my brief word of testimony to the exalted character and memorable services of our beloved Father Alexander.

During the past fourteen years I have known him well; and the more I have come to know him the more I have learned to love and honor him. I have known of his work and of his influence and of the esteem in which he has been held among the Hawaiian people, to whose salvation he devoted himself in his young manhood, and for whose spiritual and temporal welfare he has given the energies of his life.

For fifty-two years he has not ceased to labor for the good of that people, whom he loved with all the largeness of his nature, and with a rare and cordial fidelity. He identified himself fully with their interests, took them up into his affection, was sympathetic and without constraint in his relations to them; and they in turn had for him a warm and unreserved *aloha*. They loved him as a father and friend. They felt as they would not always feel toward those who labored for them, that he understood them. They sought his counsel freely and looked to him trustingly for guidance. By his open-heartedness and genial manner he was specially fitted by nature, as

well as by grace, to win the confidence of Hawaiians. He held that confidence to the end, even against the distrust of superior races, that has been growing in the native mind. He continued his labors for them and retained his nearness to them to the last.

Father Alexander has been, indeed, one of the fathers in the Hawaiian Israel; one of that goodly company who went to dark Hawaii, and have left an enduring name, a name written as it were in letters of gold, on those beautiful isles, and known and read of all men. Those were noble men and women, who took their lives in their hand, left kindred and friends far behind, and went forth into that isolated and benighted part of the earth. They were earnest. They were consecrated to Christ and his cause. They were, in the highest sense of the word, grand characters. I have known them but to venerate them. They had their individualities and idiosyncrasies; but they laid at the Master's feet a noble service. By faith they removed mountains of difficulty, and wrought wonderful works of righteousness among an amazingly degraded and polluted people. Through their toils and tears and prayers a nation was born as it were in a day. Out of my professional acquaintance with them has grown the feeling, that they would be a specially crowned and shining company in Heaven. They take rank among those of whom the world is not worthy.

With our modern facilities of travel there are no mission fields so remote and isolated as were the Hawaiian Islands in those early days, and no missionaries to-day experience quite the discomforts that those fathers and mothers of this mission cheerfully endured. Among those discomforts were such things as using a hatchet to chop the caked flour that reached them from around the Horn.

It has fallen to my lot, I may say it has been my privilege, to attend the last sickness and obsequies of many of those heroes and heroines of faith. I probably have been the pastor of more of them than any other one. The first of them to go to his rest under my ministry was that most excellent, spiritually-minded man, good Deacon Amos Cooke, the father of the lady of this beautiful home. Then there were Dr. and Mrs. Judd, Father Parker, Mother Thurston, Mrs. Judge Andrews, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Johnstone, Mrs. Chamberlain, Miss Ogden, and others, with perhaps twenty or more of their descendants. I cherish their memory as among the choicest treasures of my life.

Our beloved Father Alexander went to the islands in what is called the fourth re-inforcement of the mission sent out by the A. B. C. F. M. This was in 1832. In the company which sailed with him on the long voyage around Cape Horn were Richard Armstrong, whose widow and daughter are here with us to-day, and who for years was at the head of the Department of Public Instruction in the Hawaiian Government, and Lorenzo Lyons, the poet of Hawaii, who has written most of the hymns sung in the churches, and Cochran Forbes, father of the present Secretary of the Hawaiian Board of Missions, and David B. Lyman, so long at the head of the Hilo Boarding-school for Boys, and J. S. Emerson, H. R. Hitchcock, with their wives and others. At least seven or eight of this re-inforcement are still living.

They reached the islands a few years before that wide-sweeping and wonderful revival, in which the whole nation turned to God, and when in six years not less than twenty-seven thousand persons were added to the

churches. Into this blessed work, William P. Alexander, then less than thirty years of age, entered with all the ardor of his soul, and God gave him many souls as the seals of his ministry. As missionary at Waioli, Kauai, 1834–1843, as Principal of the Lahainaluna Seminary, Maui, 1843–1856, as pastor and preacher at Wailuku, 1856–1884, and instructor there of native ministers, until the Theological Seminary was established in Honolulu, he labored incessantly and with cheerful faithfulness.

He took a deep interest in the education of Hawaiians. Many of them have looked up to him as their beloved instructor. Many of the Hawaiian pastors and missionaries to Micronesia received their training at his hand, and think of him with loving regard. He was a trustee of Oahu College from its beginning until 1876, when he resigned and his son, Prof. W. D. Alexander, was elected to fill his place. He was a member of the Hawaiian Board of Missions until his death, and was ever ready for every good work.

In all his interests he was thoroughly identified with the islands, and his large family of children have been wedded into and have grown up into the island life, and are a part of the best strength of the kingdom. His island-born grandchildren number over thirty, and he was happy in them all.

His many excellent traits of character have been already dwelt upon. He always had a smile of greeting. His hand-shake was cordial. It was ever a sunny pleasure to meet him; fair-minded, equable in temperament, with a kindly twinkle of good humor in his eye, he was one who always accepted the situation pleasantly, whatever might be the portent of discouragement or trial. He understood the Hawaiians. He knew their weak-

nesses, their foibles and their needs. He also appreciated their good traits, their genial nature, their hospitality and generosity, and their susceptibility to good influences.

He rests from his labors and his works do follow him. He has fought a good fight. He has finished his course; henceforth there is laid up for him a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give him at that day.

## OBITUARY.

BY REV. S. E. BISHOP.

DEPARTED this life, August 12, 1884, at the residence of his son, S. T. Alexander, Esq, in Oakland, California, the Rev. William Patterson Alexander, aged seventy-nine years.

We have thus to record the decease of one among us whose "good gray head all men knew," and many greatly loved; one whose name stands with Bingham, Armstrong and Coan, as the most eminent and influential among the missionaries of the A. B. C. F. M. in the Hawaiian Islands.

Father Alexander was of the strong Scotch-Irish stock, born in Paris, Kentucky, July 25, 1805. His father, a wise and godly Presbyterian elder, he grew into that genial, honorable, conscientious, manly, and consecrated character which we so well knew. . . .

In 1828 he resolved to go on a mission to the heathen. Planning to go to Palestine, he began the study of Syriac, but in 1831 accepted an appointment to the Sandwich Islands, to which the American Board were then sending the strongest available men. . . . October 25, at Harrisburg, he was married to Miss Mary Ann McKinney, and (in a company of nineteen missionary passengers, including himself and his wife) sailed from New Bedford, November 26, 1831, on the *Averick*, Captain Swain, and reached Honolulu in May, 1832. The writer, then five years old, distinctly remembers this large group of missionaries as they assembled in the parlors of Mr. Bingham's house. Young, vigorous, able, devoted, bringing cheer and strength to the veteran pioneers, they have in their turn become aged and are passing away. . . .

In August, 1833, Messrs. Alexander, Armstrong and Parker arrived at Nuuhiwa, where they passed eight months among the cannibals, and then left the Marquesas work to the London Missionary Society, whose missionaries were then on their way thither. Mr. Alexander, in 1834, was located at Waioli, Kauai, where he spent nine years of successful labor, and in the exposures of pioneer work contracted asthma, which continued through his life. Thence in 1843 he removed to Lahainaluna Seminary, where he labored until 1856, when by medical advice he resigned; but in the November following he became pastor of the Wailuku church, where he has continued to reside twenty-seven years. In addition to pastoral labors, in 1863 he commenced a Theological School, in which were in all sixty-seven pupils, more than half of whom entered the ministry, and did good work in the native churches and in Micronesia. In 1874 the school was removed to Honolulu, passing in 1877 under the charge of Rev. Dr. Hyde.

Mr. Alexander resigned the Wailuku pastorate in 1867, but continued active in many missionary labors even while the infirmities of age increased upon him. In 1871 and 1872 he successively visited the missions at the Marquesas Islands and Micronesia in the *Morning Star* as agent of the Boards.

Father Alexander's eminence as a missionary was not due to gifts of eloquence, although he was an impressive, clear and most instructive preacher. He was especially great in counsel and executive efficiency. As an instructor he probably had no equal among his brethren. To the writer his most remarkable combination of qualities seemed to have been the rare and difficult union of great positiveness of opinion and purpose with such obvious purity, sweetness, and wise discretion, that he seldom made an enemy, or failed to command the highest regard and confidence of those even who strenuously differed from him. He was a very decided man; saw his way clearly and acted promptly and vigorously. For knavery and hypocrisy he had a keen discernment and swift rejection, but the kindest tolerance and sympatny for those honestly mistaken. The secret of the wide personal popularity of so positive a nature lay in the strong, tender and generous sympathy of his spirit which made him indescribably winning. To know and confer with such a man was a rich privilege, and his associates and pupils looked up to and delighted in him, in a way and degree which it is impossible to describe or account for.

Father Alexander was above all beloved in his own large family, where the rare tenderness and power of his strong and sympathetic nature made him a father whose loss is felt as few can be. Five sons, four daughters and thirty grandchildren mourn the patriarch's departure from them. Until within a very few weeks before his death not a break had occurred in the whole number. In 1881 it was the privilege of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander to celebrate their golden wedding at Glenside, Haiku, Maui, the home of their son, Rev. James M.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander proceeded to Oakland, May 1, with a reasonable prospect of many years of comfortable life. A few weeks since a slight mishap in a surgical operation led to fatal results. He lingered for two weeks, attended with intense suffering. This he bore with singular courage, replying to the sorrow of his friends that "the sufferings here were as nothing to the glories to be revealed." He talked a great deal during his illness about the wonderful goodness of God. To one saying she wished she could bear some of the pain for him, he replied, "It has been sent where it was most needed, I think." Once he said, "Sometimes I am on the hill-tops, then again down in the deep valley of humiliation." His last conscious day was one of tolerable relief from bodily pain, and of transcendent joy of spirit. To those who were near him death and Heaven took on new meanings.

Age had not dulled the faculties of our venerated friend in body or mind. It may be some consolation for his hastened departure, to reflect that he has been spared the painful weakness and dependence of extreme old age. He has left his large family of sons and daughters in an unusual degree of honor and prosperity. His venerated widow still remains to comfort her mourning family. A large number of Hawaiians in honorable positions in the church and the State, look up to him as their *Makua* (father), and will hold his memory sacred. A greater number who counted him their spiritual father have doubtless welcomed him to the blessed life above. We who remain shall miss his benign and enlivening presence and wise counsel. "Father Alexander" will be long remembered in *Hawaii nei.*

# MEMORIAL DISCOURSE.

## PREACHED AT MAKAWAO MAUI,

BY REV. T. H. ROUSE.

"For me to live is Christ and to die is gain." Phil. 1:21.

IN speaking of the loved one who has gone from us it is not so much my purpose to sketch an outline of his life, or to dwell on the facts of his history, as it is to call attention to some features of his Christian character, which are especially worthy of imitation.

His achievements as a Christian hero, his grand work, his life-long and steady battle with heathenism and the powers of darkness in these islands, his pioneer work in remote stations, his labors as a teacher of youth, as a preacher and pastor, as a theological instructor, the mighty triumphs of the gospel he witnessed and participated in, his literary work and publications in Hawaiian, his labors to establish Punahou College, his efforts for the founding and prosperity of our Makawao Seminary, —all these and other labors, which we cannot now mention, may be far better portrayed by others, his surviving companions, or those who have made a study of Hawaiian history, than by a transient resident, knowing only by hearsay, or brief observation, of the great work of God in these islands, by the hands of these missionary Fathers, now passing away.

"For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain," says the apostle. The first clause of this text gives us, I think, the main, the great characteristic of his life, which we

may well seek to imitate. The second clause gives the issue of his life, which is for our consolation and joy, under these trials. I call your attention, then, first, to that consecrated life to Christ, which was his as it is our highest honor and praise.

To give one's self to the foreign missionary work in those times, when the heathen world was so little known, the influences of civilization so feeble and limited, the means of transport and communication so few, and the perils and privations in consequence so great, required, methinks, a more absolute consecration, a more utter surrender into the hands of God, of life and all its interests, than in these later times, when the ends of the earth are brought into such close proximity, and its nations are neighbors. There were giants in those days, men great in consecration and trust. Such examples as that of Titus Coan going to Patagonia, or of Father and Mother Alexander going to the Marquesas, confronting its lawless cannibalism, must ever shine conspicuous in its likeness to that apostolic heroism, which said, "Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy and the ministry which I have received." . . . A life so consecrated to God will have these three features: great delight in prayer, great love for the divine word, and great longing for the coming of Christ in his kingdom. Now these things very much characterized the life of that beloved Father, whose example is before you. How much was prayer his delight! He loved communion with God more than his daily food. The simplicity of his faith, how child-like! "I love the Lord because he hath heard the voice of my supplication," he often said. How sweet it was to bow with him at the family altar. How many and fervent have his prayers been for his chil-

dren and his grandchildren. In the great distress and suffering of the last days of his life, how earnestly he sought the Lord for help, as to one with whom he had had a long acquaintance in prayer! And the Lord gave him directly help from his hand. How fervently and beautifully he acknowledged it! "This poor man cried," said he, "and the Lord heard him, and delivered him out of all his troubles."

As his delight in prayer was great, so was his love for the divine word. His knowledge of the Scriptures was great. He believed fully in the power of divine truth. He faithfully preached it and had great witness of its power. That word was also the delight of his own heart. The promises cheered and comforted him. How often they were quoted with the sweetest assurance! How he loved the psalms of David! How richly they expressed his own experience! "Those beautiful psalms," said he, "seem to have been written for me, as for ten thousand others." "I shall think of him when I read the psalms," said one, "he repeats them so often."

Conspicuous, too, was his personal love for Christ and his coming in his kingdom. Often were these words on his lips, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." He did not dogmatize respecting that coming, whether it was personal or spiritual, but he longed for the blessed Master, anticipated with great joy the seeing of him, and seemed to live more nearly than most in the spirit of "looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the glory of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ." Now his hopes have their fruition, and he sees the King in his beauty.

Again; a life thus consecrated to God and communion with him must result in great usefulness. . . . When we think of the results of his life, what a

view opens before us, of native minds awakened and led to Christ; of youth instructed, developed and lifted to a higher plane of character; of gospel ministers trained to teach others and to be missionaries of light into the deeper darkness; institutions of learning founded, and developed to a strong maturity, in which multitudes have been taught and trained to decent and noble lives, and in which other multitudes shall yet be instructed—in a word, a nation lifted from the blackness of heathenism far on towards a Christian civilization. . . .

Another result of such a consecration is that such a life becomes transfigured far into the divine likeness of love. Have we any more perfect type of what God is as a father, than an earthly father, who, through loving consecration to God and long communion with him, has become much assimilated to his likeness? How sweet and loving were the characteristics of this precious father of yours. You saw and felt them. None could be long in his presence yet insensible to that ripe and mellowed character, that loving spirit, the result of much divine communion. . . .

While our father and friend, whom we mourn to-day, possessed, in as full proportion as most, those stronger qualities of character, such as decision, firmness, and executive ability, he also bore in sweet and loving prominence those softer and gentler traits that win and attract everybody, even, most of all, little children, to his arms. How often have we seen his loving, patriarchal form seated on the sofa in his home, with a little contented grandchild under each arm and clasped to his side. To see the tender look in his eye, and the benediction of his beaming face bent over them so kindly, I could only think of Christ the Saviour with the little

children in his arms. Long will you remember his affectionate greetings as you visited his home; his loving kiss; his fatherly arms thrown around you in warm embrace; his words of affection that great, warm heart of love, that held you all, that embraced everybody, that went out to every child, every friend, every native, the whole village where he lived, and the churches to which he ministered, to all the Hawaiian churches and their pastors, welcoming all to his generous heart and hospitable home. Yes, the element of love that pervaded his character so strongly, expressed itself everywhere and to the last; pain could not quench it, nor anguish abate it. It was wonderful, more like the love of Christ than we often see, stronger than all things in him, except his love to Christ and Christ's love to him, in which it had its root. As one said, "He reminds one of the apostle John in the sweetness and tenderness of his spirit." "If he had lived on earth in apostolic times I believe he would have shared with the beloved disciple the intimate friendship of Jesus."

Let us look now at the issues of such a life. "To die is gain," says the apostle. The end of such a life is gain. It is gain to him. Is it not possibly gain to you? It is good to have such a life with us I know—oh, how good!—to have it in the family, in the home, in the quaint old mansion where you so often went, and where there was always room for all of you and a trundle-bed and crib and high-chair for every grandchild; to see his face, to go to his home, to meet his smiling welcome and tender embrace,—this was sweet and good and desirable; the atmosphere of Heaven pervaded that home. You were lifted heavenward by that father's and mother's prayers; and as you went to your own homes, your lives

were lived under more sacred bonds. . . . But when such a father goes from us, it is then that he is still with us. This is no paradox. Then it is that all his life, the whole past of it, is gathered up and focalized, by affection and memory brought into one concentrated whole, and shines upon us its holy influences more powerfully than before. . . .

But finally, to him also it was gain to die. You cannot doubt this. . . . You see it to be so from his worn-out body, its pain, its inevitable liability to pain, but now transported beyond the reach of suffering forever. He knew by experience more than most the ministry, of pain. More than once in his life did he pass through the furnace of trial. "He was perfected through suffering." Why, we know not. How wonderfully he bore it! If God did not remove the "thorn," he gave grace to bear it. To one who said, "Oh, that we could bear the pain for you!" he said, "It has been sent, doubtless, where it is most needed." "These sufferings here," he said, "are not worthy to be compared with the glory to be revealed." Sweet to him after them was the glory to be revealed. Not only was it gain to die for the freedom from earthly ills and sufferings, but for the blessedness in store.

How did his spirit exult in the love of his coming Saviour, and in the glorious meeting with him! "Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed," he often said, as the end was drawing near. The transcendent joys of his spirit on his last day, it was beautiful to behold. His last hours were peace, and he gently passed into glory. For him to die was surely gain. Not long before his dear companion will join him there. Faithfully has she borne the burden and heat of life's day

with him. May the loving arms of Jesus be close around her, in place of those upon which she has so long leaned, and his rod and staff comfort her, till her pilgrimage is ended, and she joins him above. And may you all, children and grandchildren, so live as to join him there, in God's own time, that he may stand before the throne and be able to say, "Here am I, Lord, and all the children thou hast given me."

Funeral discourses containing touching tributes to the memory of Mr. Alexander were also preached by Rev. A. O. Forbes (Secretary of the Hawaiian Evangelical Association, one of his most intimate associates in the mission work) in the native church at Wailuku and to the foreign residents at Haiku; but these discourses were not written out for publication.

## TRIBUTE OF MR. E. BAILEY.

"WAILUKU, April 21, 1888.

"MRS. M. A. ALEXANDER—*Dear Sister:* It gives me the greatest pleasure to bear my testimony to the worth of our dear, departed friend and brother, Rev. W. P. Alexander, with whom we passed so many years of pleasant intercourse here in Wailuku. The memory of those years is very dear in the retrospect, and they were pleasant in the enjoyment. I know of no one with whom I have ever been acquainted, who was more unselfish, who would do more for one whom it was in his power to benefit, or do it with more hearty good-will. We were sad when the time came for separation, with a fear that we should see his face no more, a fear that was only too painfully realized. It hardly seems, even at this late day, that we shall see no more that erect form and beaming countenance, nor hear his words of sympathy and

good-will. To a much greater extent than is usual, even among Christians, he seemed to bear ill-will to no one.

"As a missionary, he was indefatigable, and never seemed to know when he had done enough. No call for help was unheeded when it was in his power to help. In counsel he was efficient, and always bore a large part of the burden of planning for more efficient work. But those whose relations to him were most intimate, know well that, while public interests were not neglected by him, his virtues shone most brightly in private life. As a friend and neighbor he was all that man could be. High and all-pervading Christian principle seemed to give color to his whole life; and though always gentle, he was not to be turned aside from what he considered right. In cheering the afflicted, in bearing with human frailty, in smoothing the pathway of those in trouble, he was exemplary; and few who knew him will not remember how well he acquitted himself in each position. I could add much more, but must close these few notes with the declaration that he was the faithful missionary, the loving friend, and the whole souled Christian.

"Most sincerely yours, E. BAILEY."

## TRIBUTE OF GEN. S. C. ARMSTRONG.

"'Father Alexander' is embalmed in all our memories. He was the soul of hospitality and of all kindness. How many exhausted, wave-tossed missionary fathers and mothers and children have been welcomed by him as they landed from the *Maria*, or *Hoikaika*, or *Kamehameha*, or other lesser coasting craft on the beach at Lahaina and ascended to Lahainaluna, and were cheered by his unfailing humor and rejuvenated by a bath in the delightful mountain waters! I can almost recall now

the bliss of it and the glorious view of sea and outlying islands from those heights; it is a sensation by itself; there is nothing like it. Your father was my father's friend, one of his closest, dearest friends, and I deep'y, tenderly revere his memory. I recall his noble form,—an ideal Kentuckian, embodying the Christian and the heroic type,—I can almost say, 'the noblest Roman of them all;' for did he not tower above all the fathers, with his benignant smile and never-failing flow of wit and wisdom? He lived with his family for many years in the house where I was born, my father's first mission station, opposite grand old Haleakela. Like it, he was great. He sowed seed, the fruition of which spread silently over the islands, the value of which cannot be estimated. My memory wanders to the days at Ulupalakua, where he was most kind to me. The ranch life there was Paradise for boys. My enthusiasm for him and gratitude to him will never cease. He gave himself and a splendid progeny to Hawaii. The memory of your own and of all the fathers and mothers is fragrant; it is holy. We are far below them in the spirit of sacrifice and of devotion. What a heritage they have left us!"

From the *Missionary Herald:*—

"Secretary Clark recalls an incident showing the affectionate interest inspired in his pupils by Father Alexander: At the Jubilee of 1870, in Honolulu, as Mr. Alexander came down from the platform where he had been sitting during some of the exercises, Kauwealoha, one of his former pupils, who had just returned from a seventeen years' absence, as a missionary to the Marquesas Islands, rushed forward and caught him in his arms. The hearty, tearful embrace of these two men was alike creditable to both."

## HOALOHALOHA A KA AHA LUNAKAHIKO I KA MAKUA.

REV. W. P. ALEXANDER.

*Ue, Ue,* Ua make ka *Makua William,*
Ua make he *Elele* a kuu hoa,
Kuu hoa i paa ka *Pono,*
Kuu hoa i ka *Ue* a ka *Makani,*
Kuu hoa i ka *wela* o ka *La,*
Kuu hoa i ka *anu* o ka *Mauna,*
Kuu hoa i mau *Kai Ewalu,*
*Ue, Ue,* Ua hala kuu hoa,
Ka Lani nani o Kristo,
Aole hoi hou mai.

*Mrs. Mary Ann McK. Alexander:* Makuahine aloha, i *hoonaluea* ia e ka *lunlun pilihua.* no ka hala ana o kau Kane Aloha, kou hoapili no na makehiki he 53, a oi, O makou na kamaiki ma ka Uhane o ka Pono, na Kahu Ekalesia, me na Lunakahiko, i akoakoa mai iloko o ka Aha Lunakahiko (ma Kaahumanu) na hoa Lawehana o kau Kane, ko makou Makua i aloha nui ia, me ka paulele mau aku, O ke Komite a ka Aha, ma ke ano o ke Kanaka, ke hoike nei imua ou i ke *aloha* ka *walania,* ka *haehae,* ke *kimakena* ka *uluku,* ka *lia* ana, Ua hele *ahanane* loko *iwi-haihai,* wehe i ka *pe-a kua* o ke Kanaka, ka ua mea o ke *kukia* mau i ka hele ana o ka Makua leo ole, ka hoa kuka a ohumuhumu no na hana a ka Haku, ka mea nana e hoomalamalama i na mea pohihihi o ka Euanalio a Kristo, a pau ae ka pohihihi, e hiki pono ai ke alakai i na hana no ke Aupuni Lanakila o ke Keikihipa. E ka Makuahine, O ka ka Haku hana ike ole ia keia o ka lawe ana i ke *oho-hina* o kana kauwa i ka *lua* me ka minamina, me ka pau ole o kana hana i ke ao nei no ka ulia o ka manawa.

E ko makou *hauí-wahine* o ka Pono, he mea *puanuanu* nui keia o kou makou mau puuwai o ka hele ana o kou hoapili i *kuilima* pu ia' i e olua na Moana nui; ka Atelanika Hikina, ka Pacifika Komohana, na ale apiipii o na Kai-Ewalu; na awawa *anoano* o *Nutuhiwa*, Pae aina o *Maquisa*, ka *ua* nui *lokuloku* o Waioli, ka la *kochana* o Lahainaluna, kahi a olua i hoiloli ai, e hoa i ka Ipukukui o ka *nocau* no ka Pomaikai o keia Lahui.—Ka mahiehie o ka Pono i ahai mua ia e Rev. J. Kekela laua o Rev. S. Kauwealoha i Fatuhiwa, a i hookahua ia e Rev. D. Kapali, G. Leleo, N. Lono i ka Paeaina o ka Pacifika Hema. Me keia mau hoalohaloha ana nou, ke hai haahaa aku nei makou na hoa a pau o ka Aha ma o ke *Komite* la, e lawe aku i ko makou aloha ana no *Rev. W. P. Alexander*, ka oluolu, ka lokomaikai. E ae haahaa aku kakou i ka ke Akua ka Makua, ka Haku Iesu Kristo, me ka Uhane Hemolele haawina kaumaha i kau mai maluna o kakou a pau, O kona Inoa ke hoomaikai ia; Nana no i olelo mai, "Pomaikai ka poe make, ke make iloko o ka Haku; E hahai ana ka lakou hana mahope o lakou." Eia ko kakou manaolana: "O ka mea hoohuli i ka lehulehu e alohilohi lakou ia ao aku ia ao aku." Daniela 12:3. O ka makou pule ia i ke Akua, E hooloihi maii na la o kou ol ana, a e ike i ka maha me ka Pomaikai, ma ka maka o ka olua ohana, mai kou puhaka mai.

Komiti { W. P. KAHALE,
O. NAWAHINE,
Z. S. K. PAALUHI,
A. PALI,
J. HAOLE.

Translation of the foregoing:—

## LETTER OF CONDOLENCE.

FROM THE PRESBYTERY OF MAUI.

Alas, alas, Father William is dead!
Dead is the missionary and friend;
Our friend who stood fast for the right,
Our friend in the rain and wind,
Our friend in the heat of the sun,
Our friend in the cold of the mountains,
Our friend on the Eight Seas;
Alas, alas, our friend has departed!
Gone to the glorious Heaven of Christ,
He will return no more.

To Mrs. Mary A. Alexander, our beloved mother, who art overwhelmed with a crushing weight of sorrow by the death of your beloved husband, your most intimate friend of over fifty-three years, we children begotten by the spirit of truth, pastors and elders of the churches, co-workers with your husband, assembled as a Presbytery (at Kaahumanu church) by our committee, declare to you our intense sympathy with you, our overwhelming sorrow, our heart-heaving and tremor of spirit, because there has been the departure in utter dissolution of body and sundering of the silver cords of life, of our father to be henceforth voiceless to us, of him who was our friend in all our consultation and planning for the work of the Lord, who was accustomed to shed light on the mysteries of the gospel of Christ, and to guide in the work of the triumphant kingdom of the Lamb.

O mother, we see the Lord's hand in this removal, most sorrowfully regretted by us, of the gray-headed veteran, his servant, to the grave before the completion of his work!

And, O our mother in the cause of righteousness, it profoundly stirs our hearts that this is the removal of your most intimate friend, who, hand in hand with you, traversed the great oceans of the Atlantic on the east, and the Pacific on the west, and our tumultuous Eight Seas, who with you labored hard in the far isolated valleys of Nuuhiva, of the Marquesas Islands, in the rainy district of Waioli, and in the oppressive heat of Lahainaluna, to light the lamp of wisdom for the blessing of this nation, from whose labors there have been especially conspicuous results in the missionary lives of Rev. J. Kekela and Rev. S. Kauwealoha, in Fatuhiva, and of Revs. D. Kapali, G. Leleo, and N. Lono, in Micronesia.

With these expressions of sympathy, we, the Presbytery, humbly express to you our love for Rev. W. P. Alexander for his goodness and tender kindness. Let us bow in humble submission to God the Father, our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Holy Spirit, in this heavy affliction that hath come alike on us all. Praised be his name, who hath said, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, their works do follow them." This is our hope, "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever." It is our prayer to God that he will lengthen out the days of your life, and that you may see rest and blessing in the presence of the families of your children.

Committee { W. P. KAHALE, O. NAWAHINE, Z. S. K. PAALUHI A. PALI, J. HAOLE.

## TRANSLATION OF LETTER OF CONDOLENCE.

FROM THE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION OF OAHU.

*To Mrs. Alexander, true mother in the Lord Jesus Christ:—*

GREAT ALOHA: We, a committee of the Evangelical Association of Oahu, express the overwhelming sorrow every member of this Association feels, together with a feeling of submission to God in joyous hope, because the Almighty has taken away the soul of your greatly beloved husband, that he should enter the mansions of Heaven for blessing and for rest from his earthly labors. You, with all the members of your family, are indeed in deep distress; on you there is a heavy burden of sorrow, and you are in the very depths of affliction, because he has gone on a path in which there is no returning; but rejoice, for "blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." "Death is swallowed up in victory. Therefore comfort ye one another with these words." 1 Thess. 4 : 17, 18. Tenderly regarded in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.

While you are weeping and mourning for your beloved departed from you, we, your friends of this Association, weep with you and all your family. It is well that God the Almighty should take away his servant to dwell with him in the kingdom of Heaven, though he leaves you with tears for him on this side of the River of Jordan, and us of this Association uniting with you in mourning. We have no certain dwelling-place here. We seek a place beyond, the everlasting home prepared for believers. We, the members of this Association,

humbly pray the triune God, that he will take away your weight of sorrow and ov rwhelming distress.

[Signed by the Committee] J. W. KAAPU,
J. N. PAIKULI,
S. PAALUHI.

*Waialua, October 8, 1884.*

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## TRANSLATION OF LETTER OF CONDOLENCE.

FROM THE ASSOCIATION OF KAUAI, ASSEMBLED AT KOLOA, OCTOBER 15–18, 1884.

*To Mrs. W. P. Alexander, aloha (love):—*

On the 12th of August, 1884, it pleased our heavenly Father to take away your beloved husband, a spiritual father of this nation. He was a father greatly beloved by our people, from whose sowing amongst us, many rich fruits of Christian blessing have resulted, that will ever redound to his memory. His work on earth is done; and he has gone, we believe, to his heavenly home above, with the angels to ever behold the face of his heavenly Father. Therefore, all the members of this association tender their fervent sympathy to you, your children and grandchildren, and unite with you in your mourning. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

REV. J. H. MAHOE, *Moderator.*

REV. S. U. KAPAHI, *Scribe.*

*By order of the Association.*

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## TRANSLATION OF LETTER OF CONDOLENCE.

FROM THE SABBATH-SCHOOL CONVENTION, OF MAUI AND MOLOKAI, REPRESENTING THE GREATLY BELOVED FATHER ALEXANDER.

*To Mrs. Mary A. Alexander, greatly loved:—*

We, the spiritual children of you both, teachers of

Sabbath-schools, delegates of the Sabbath-schools, of the three districts (na hono Ekolu a Piilani) assembled in the Kaahumanu church, at Wailuku (declare)—that it is the Lord's doing, as the Bible teaches, that he should take to the grave his gray-headed servant, greatly mourned, without the completion of his work on earth, suddenly and unexpectedly. Therefore we, your children, enter with you into weeping with distressed hearts and with flowing tears for our loved father, who, with you, through our ocean reefs, amongst our mountains and over our blue seas, has been bringing the light, the lamp of wisdom, for the glorious progress of our nation in material and spiritual prosperity. With these words of condolence, all the children of this Sabbath-school Convention weep with you. Be pleased to accept the assurance of our love for Father Alexander, the courteous, the delightful, the benevolent. Let us humbly submit with love to the Father and our Lord Jesus Christ, in the removal of Father Alexander to dwell in his glorious and holy bosom, in joys prepared for his own people, chosen out of the world. Blessed be his name forever and ever. The Bible tells us, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," and "their works do follow them." This is our expression of profound sympathy for you.

KALUA, *President.*

J. HAOLE, *Secretary.*

*Wailuku, Maui, December 6, 1884.*

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## TRANSLATION OF LETTER OF CONDOLENCE.

FROM THE ELDERS OF THE CHURCH OF WAILUKU.

*To our Christian mother, Mrs. W. P. Alexander, greatly beloved, tender greeting:—*

Since we are informed that Father Alexander has

been taken from you and from us, the children of his spiritual care, therefore we express our most tender sympathy for you in this very heavy affliction that has come on you and on us, the children of you both. We tender to you our loving condolence that you are deprived, by the hand of the Almighty, of your helpmate, and we unite with you and your children in weeping and mourning; and we have the hope that he is at the right hand of God in blessing, where we most earnestly hope to ourselves arrive. With flowing tears we sorrow with you and your children in this affliction, in which we all suffer.

J. B. KEANU,
J. HAOLE,
KAHOPII,
*The Elders of the Wailuku Church.*

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## TRANSLATION OF LETTER OF CONDOLENCE.

THE CHURCH OF WAILUKU TO THE CHILDREN OF FATHER ALEXANDER.

GREAT ALOHA: We, the elders of the church of Wailuku, tender our great sympathy to you, the children who are bereaved and overwhelmed with heavy affliction, by the death of your father. We unite with you in grief and mourning; and we indulge the hope that he has gone to dwell at the right hand of the Almighty. We express our sympathy to you with sorely distressed and broken hearts, since we too are deprived of a father; and we, the elders of the church, unite with you, his own greatly beloved children, in love for him. With this affection and with suffering hearts, we bow in reverent submission before him who determineth all

events, since we cannot murmur at the dispensation of God.

W. B. KEANU,
J. HAOLE,
KAHOPII.

[Signed by the elders]

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## A SERMON PREACHED BY REV. W. P. ALEXANDER, IN THE UNITED STATES, IN THE YEAR 1859.

"And when they were come and had gathered the church together, they rehearsed all that God had done with them, and how he had opened the door of faith unto the Gentiles.' Acts 4 : 27.

The apostles were the first missionaries. Until their mission commenced, the true religion had been confined to God's chosen people, the Jews; but they were sent to every creature. Their commission was very broad; it required them to go into all the world and teach all nations. Accordingly we are told in the last verse of the gospel by Mark, that the apostles went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them. Before the last of the twelve had been called home from his labors, they had proclaimed a free salvation through a crucified and risen Redeemer, far and wide, among the nations then known, perhaps as far as it was practicable for them to do at that time. The apostle Paul was particularly distinguished for his labors among the heathen or idolatrous nations. To this arduous service he was especially called of God, and both by gifts and graces, was admirably fitted; hence he is called the apostle to the Gentiles, or, as it might be expressed, *missionary to the heathen.* After preaching in various parts in company with Barnabas, he seems to have found it good and important to revisit the place of their former labors at Antioch, where they had been recom-

mended to the grace of God for the work of evangelizing the surrounding nations. Here, as was natural, they called together the church, and gave them an account of their mission. They rehearsed all that God had done with them, and how he had opened a door of faith unto the Gentiles; how they had preached Christ Jesus in every place, in Seleucia and Cyprus, Salamis, Paphos, and Perga; how the Holy Spirit had been poured out, and many had embraced a risen Saviour, while others had rejected their message, raised a persecution against them, and expelled them from their coasts.

Such a narrative could not fail to be interesting and profitable to the brethren at Antioch, who needed to have their hearts encouraged and their faith strengthened during those trying times. What Paul and Barnabas had to relate was calculated not only to increase their faith in the power of the gospel, and their zeal in the Saviour's cause, but also to encourage their prayers and efforts for still greater displays of divine grace in the conversion of the world. If such had already been the power of the gospel, who could assign any limits to its progress?

Twenty-eight years ago, not without many fears, in much weakness and inexperience, I left home and native land, for the far distant islands of the Pacific, on a similar errand, and acting under the same authority as Paul and Barnabas; and that was to tell those then benighted islanders of a crucified Saviour. These years have passed rapidly away, and in the good providence of God I am once more on American soil, among scenes once most familiar and dear.

It may be of use to you, as it was to the church of Antioch, to hear somewhat of God's dealings with those

laboring for him in foreign nations. To rehearse all the history of the Hawaiian Mission, since its commencement forty years ago, in a single discourse would be impossible. All that I shall attempt is an outline of what God has done for that people. In my remarks I shall attempt to describe: (1) The state of those islands at the time when the gospel was first carried to them, in the year 1820; (2) the means that have been employed for their conversion to God; (3) the results which have followed.

In the year 1820, when the first missionaries arrived at the Hawaiian Islands, the population was estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand. Since that time it has diminished to about seventy thousand or eighty thousand. The barbarous nations melt away, when brought in contact with the diseases and vices of civilized lands. Where are the Indians that once roamed over this broad country? White men, deserters from ships, had been on those shores forty years before the gospel reached them, and had carried the diseases that poisoned the whole nation. Through them the work of ruin commenced; and it has been going on steadily ever since. No change of heart, no prayer, no reformation, no degree of culture or intelligence, has arrested it; for the poison has entered the very blood, bone, and muscle of the people. God seems to have marked with peculiar displeasure the violation of that law on which depends the happiness and the very existence of the human family.

There was a remarkable preparation of the way for the missionaries before they arrived. The islands, which had been subject to a multitude of independent chiefs, continually at war with each other, had just been subdued under the sway of a single individual, King Kame-

hameha I.; and the whole system of idolatry had been abolished by his successor, while the first missionaries were on their voyage. What influenced the heart of this young, dissolute ruler to do this is not known. Probably he was moved in part by what he had heard of the overthrow of idolatry in Tahiti, but more likely by an impulse of his own reckless and impetuous nature, which would not endure the restraint of tabus. This left the nation without any religion. They were, indeed, without an altar or a priest. In regard to all that pertains to man's spiritual welfare, no people could be in a grosser darkness than they were. They had no knowledge of the true God, or of the way of salvation. They called evil good, and good evil. To the very gods they worshiped, they attributed the vilest crimes. War was the business of their chiefs; and their wars were cruel. Their Government was a confused, unorganized, savage despotism of the meanest and lowest character. The common people had no rights. They were mere serfs, subject to the capricious will of every petty chief who might at any time exercise rule over them. They had nothing they could call their own, not even the pig or fowl at their doors. Their little all was liable at any moment to be swept away by some petty tyrant. Even the king and chiefs had no defined rights. They had everything by a most uncertain tenure, and were filled with jealousies among themselves. In such a state of society there was no motive to industry. No man will improve his land or build a good house, unless he has a reasonable prospect of enjoying them. If his hard earnings may be swept from him at any moment, he will take care to own just as little visible property as possible. Accordingly we found the people

in the lowest depths of poverty and degradation. The chiefs had no other idea of ruling than to get all they could from their serfs, and the people had no other idea of serving than to evade the chiefs and to give them as little as possible. Is it any wonder that both were poor? that their habitations were grass huts, without windows, doors, or furniture beyond a few mats? that their bodies were naked and filthy? in short, that their highest aim was to meet the wants of the present, leaving the future entirely unprovided for? Is it any wonder, too, that injustice and want led to all manner of thieving, lying and fraud? They were all liars and covenant-breakers They had no sense of obligation. To keep a promise or to fulfill a contract formed no part of their moral code. You could bind them only when you had power to compel; then they were faithful. Business could not prosper, property was not safe, nobody could be trusted. They had no word for conscience, or the moral sense, or for gratitude, or moral obligation, because they had not the ideas. Infanticide was common, in fact few women did not destroy some of their children. Oh, how deep their degradation! What must be the state of that mother's heart who could in cold blood take the life of her own babe!

The vice most prevalent among them, and which has brought down upon them the severest sufferings, was licentiousness. Previous to the introduction of Christianity this was universal. A description of it is impossible, you could not endure it, neither would propriety allow it. In such a state of society there could not exist what we call a family. You would look in vain for the order and government of the household, mutual affection and regard of husband and wife, the

proper care and government of children, regular hours for sleeping and eating, labor and rest. All the foundations of the family were out of course, and the people were reduced to almost a mere animal existence. When I first looked upon them I exclaimed, "Can these be men and women? Are they not mere animals?" But no language can give you a proper idea of the state of such a people. To understand it you must live among them and hold daily intercourse with them. Every day would furnish some new development of their mental imbecility and deep moral degradation, especially if you were making efforts for their deliverance from the bondage of their inveterate habits.

Before I went abroad, I had sometimes wondered whether there were any people now living to whom the apostle's language in his epistle to the Romans would apply, where he says, "Being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness, full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant-breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful;" but after living a few months among the Marquesans, and many years among the Hawaiians, from my own observation and information the most reliable, I am persuaded that every epithet here employed accurately portrays their heathen state.

In no point of view does their mental and moral degradation appear more complete than in their worship of their deities, and in their religious rites, which they regarded as their most holy services. To their gods they attributed the most atrocious crimes. They were supposed

to be most cruel, bloody, and licentious; and the worship they offered them was no better. If the priest called for a human victim for sacrifice, he must be procured, even though they went to war for the purpose. On the death of chiefs the funeral rites beggared description for obscenity, cruelty, noise, and beastly exposure. I once witnessed a funeral scene (in the Marquesas Islands, similar to those in the Hawaiian Islands), which lasted seven days; they were the darkest days I ever saw. Companies came from all parts, filling the air with loud wailings, dancing in a state of perfect nudity around the corpse, like so many furies, cutting their flesh with shells and sharp stones, till the blood trickled down to their feet, the women tearing out their hair, both men and women knocking out their teeth, indulging in the most revolting licentiousness, and feasting to excess, while muskets were fired and sea-shells were kept a-blowing with a long, deep, sepulchral sound, during the whole night. Verily, I seemed to be for the time on the borders of the infernal regions; and I wished that all the Christians in the world could have looked on that scene, and asked themselves the question, "Are such human beings happy? Are they fit for the society of a holy Heaven and a holy God? Or are they not more fit for habitations of devils and lost spirits?"

I proceed to state the *means* which have been employed to convert and evangelize the Hawaiian people. These were the pulpit, the press, and schools. In the pulpit there have been employed in those islands by the A. B. C. F. M. since 1820, forty-six preachers of the gospel and one hundred other laborers, who have assisted in the work, such as physicians, school-teachers and secular agents; seventy-two of these were females. And

besides these, nine other evangelical preachers of the gospel have been employed by the A. S. F. Society and by the resident community of foreigners. Their first effort on arriving on those shores was to acquire the native language. It was unwritten, and had to be learned from the lips of the people, a difficult and tedious work. The language acquired and no obstacle hindering, the Word was preached in season and out of season, in the house and by the way, with all plainness and boldness. The great instrument employed was the preached Word. Do you ask the character of the preaching? I answer, It was eminently practical, simple and *biblical*. The language being crude and barbarous, did not admit of much philosophical discussion; and hence the great aim has been to set forth in all plainness the fundamental truths of revelation, such as the depravity of the heart, the necessity of regeneration, the holy character of God and of his law, the fullness of the atonement made by Christ for the sins of the world, and the free offer of pardon to all true believers, who show their faith by their works. To preach these and kindred doctrines has been our great business.

The press has been a powerful auxiliary to the pulpit. The language when printed being simple, the natives soon learned to read, and their fondness for reading seemed to take the place of their fondness for heathen sports; so that it was difficult to supply the demand for books. The chiefs soon learned to read and encouraged their personal attendants also to learn. These when they had acquired the art, were sent everywhere to teach others. The translation of the New Testament was completed in the year 1832, and of the whole Bible in 1839. Through the munificence of that noble institu-

tion, the American Bible Society, several editions of both have been published and circulated among the natives, twenty thousand of the Bible, and fifty thousand of the New Testament. And through that other noble institution, the American Tract Society, a variety of tracts on the great doctrines and duties of Christianity have been sent forth. Besides these there have been issued a number of works of science and literature, all adapted to arouse and improve the mind, and elevate the character. More than two hundred millions of pages have gone forth from our presses, like leaves from the tree of life.

Next in order of the means employed to save that people have been the schools. Go where you will over those islands, you will find the humble school-house and the sanctuary side by side. About twenty years ago the Government adopted the Puritan principle that the children were the property of the State, and that it was the duty of the State to see that all the children were educated. A school system, rude and imperfect at first, was begun, and it has been improved from year to year, until it has now nearly as much order, symmetry and efficiency as that of any other country. The State provides for the elementary education of all the youth, and requires them all to attend school. There are three hundred and thirty public free schools, embracing ten thousand children, besides a flourishing high school and twenty select or boarding-schools, in which the English language is taught. These schools, if we except those under Papists, are all under good Christian influence.

These islands are now emphatically the land of Bibles, churches and schools. You will rarely enter a

house where there is not at least a Bible and hymn book daily used.

Having thus briefly described the condition of the people to whom we went, and the means employed to enlighten them, I will now narrate what has been the result.

First, we will notice their improvement in things temporal. That cruel, iron-hearted despotism has given place to a Government under a Constitution and laws as enlightened and liberal as any in these free States. In the year 1840 King Kamehameha III., moved not by the advance of hostile armies, nor by threats of insurrection or revolution among his subjects, but apparently by a sense of right, by a feeling of good-will towards his people, by the advice of Christian chiefs and others around him, granted a Constitution to his subjects, by which, at one blow, the whole fabric of ancient despotic rule was demolished, and the people secured in their rights, both civil and religious. By this one act a nation of political slaves became a nation of freemen. This was a wonderful event; those precious rights, which have usually been obtained through bloody wars and revolutions, were here secured simply by the advancing light and love of the gospel moving a mind not subdued to the obedience of Christ.

This was not all. The same king, under that same silent, soul-elevating influence, by his own voluntary act, to the amazement of his subjects, made them all freeholders. Every man, however low his condition, was made the owner in fee-simple of the land he had been in the habit of cultivating for a term of years, and a royal patent for the same with the great seal of the kingdom was placed in his hand; and now the Kanaka,

who was once a serf, trodden down in the mire by the haughty chiefs, lives in his own house as his castle, and literally under his own vine and fig tree. Such a state of things, it is safe to say, was never brought about in any other country in so short a time, and without even the appearance of violence or force. But let all the glory be given to God, who sends forth the gospel to heal the nations.

By the same Constitution the right of universal suffrage was granted to the common people, and the rights of trial by jury and of a voice in the enactment of laws. No law can now be made without their consent. An independent judiciary was also guaranteed to them; and you may now see the lowest native before the courts contending for his rights against the haughty chief, who but a few years before regarded him as the mire under his feet. The vast distance which once existed between the chiefs, who traced their origin to the gods, and were the very impersonation of pride and self-consequence, and the naked, cringing, spiritless serf, who could hardly realize that he had any rights, and trembled at the very idea of asserting them, was now immeasurably lessened; and for the last ten years we have seen both meet on the same platform, discussing public measures, and hand in hand working the whole machinery of society.

The right of personal liberty and the security of property naturally led to more industry, though not so much as was expected. Indolence is an inveterate habit of the Hawaiian, induced by oppression for centuries. Yet a powerful motive to improve their lands was presented, when they became the real owners of the soil; and, in fact, thousands of neat wooden or stone cottages

have taken the place of the frail, dark and cheerless huts; and you find more or less furniture in all, some of them very well furnished. When they began to wear clothes, a single garment was oppressive; now all are daily clad, and to wear clothing has become a necessity. Public sentiment requires it. Most of our congregations on the Sabbath present a very respectable appearance in this respect, in fact, they are apt to dress too well for their means. And here let me say that a desire to appear decently clad in the house of God on the Sabbath has had, in my opinion, more influence in promoting cleanliness, order and decency among the people than all other civilizing causes put together. Every man, woman and child who attends the services of the sanctuary (and it is the fashion among them to go to church) will find some suitable apparel to put on. The observance of the Sabbath has been one of the great causes of their advance in civilization and outward prosperity. However shabby they may appear from day to day at their work in and around their houses, they will clean up and try to appear well in the house of God.

The family constitution, that was once in ruins, a perfect chaos, has been in some degree built up; but it is still in an imperfect state. Where polygamy and the consequent domestic confusion prevailed, the law of marriage has been introduced, its violation punished, and some degree (in some cases a high degree), of domestic happiness exists. The higher and grosser crimes, such as murder and robbery, once so common, are now seldom known or heard of. You can travel unprotected over the mountains and beautiful valleys of those islands with as much safety as in any part of the world.

They were formerly a nation of thieves, and petty

theft is yet too common, yet with the usual care property is as safe as in any country. Drunkenness once deluged the land; whole villages, men, women, and children, would plunge into it together; and scenes of debauchery were witnessed such as you must go to a heathen land to find. Now they are really a vastly more temperate and sober people than you will find in almost any part of this land. We rarely see a native intoxicated.

Licentiousness has been the besetting sin of the people. Society was once a sea of pollution; and many ships visiting our ports were floating brothels; and every village was a Sodom. But by the power of the gospel, stringent laws and public sentiment, this odious and consuming vice is driven back, as in this land, into deep concealment and midnight darkness.

Ignorance, deep and dreadful, once rested upon the whole nation. No one knew the God that made him, nor the Saviour that redeemed him; there were no letters, nor books, nor schools. Captain Cook was worshiped as a god, and his ship regarded as an island afloat on the sea. The movements of the heavenly bodies, the eclipses and comets, filled the people with dismay. They regarded many diseases as a possession of devils that could be cured only by sorcery. Now it is a land of Bibles, tracts, useful books and newspapers. Taking the people generally they are well acquainted with the great historical facts of the Bible. They know the story of Gethsemane and Calvary, and that by faith in Christ we are saved. By a careful calculation from official documents I have come to the conclusion that as great a proportion of those islanders can read and write their own language as of any State in this Union; and the Government expends a greater proportion of

its revenue to educate the people than any other Government in the world.

But you will inquire, What has been the progress of vital godliness among those islanders? This is the great thing, for it pertains to the salvation of the soul and the glory of God. All the temporal improvement, all advance in civilization, is very well; but this does not satisfy the Christian. He wants to know how many souls have been saved, how many of the people have embraced Christ by a saving faith, as far as can be judged by their works. These are solemn inquiries and most reasonable; and I take great pleasure in giving them the most satisfactory answer in my power.

I proceed then to state that there have been received into the twenty-two churches on those islands since the establishment of the mission, thirty-nine thousand two hundred and fifty-four persons on the profession of their faith in Christ, and fourteen thousand and four hundred children have been baptized; fifteen thousand six hundred and forty-four of our church-members have died, some too have fallen away and been cut off; and now there remain in regular standing twenty-one thousand six hundred and seventy scattered over the islands. These have been gathered from a population of about one hundred and fifty thousand in 1820, now reduced by the progress of depopulation to about seventy-three thousand.

A large harvest you will say. Yes, blessed be our merciful God, there has been a great ingathering! We have seen displays of divine mercy such as few are permitted to see on earth. The time has been when the whole people seemed to be moved by the presence of God, when the eager congregation would drink in every

word spoken like men dying with thirst. They received the divine commands with perfect trust, like little children. They embraced the same Saviour in whom we trust, and on him they rely.

Yet you may inquire, How do the Hawaiian Christians appear? How do they compare with Christians in this land? It is not easy to give just the correct answer to these questions, as the Hawaiians differ so widely in their character and habits from the people of this country. Many seem to suppose that converts from paganism, as they emerge from deep darkness into the glorious light of the gospel and look back and see "the hole of the pit whence they were digged," will see the truth by contrast more clearly, love it more ardently, and walk more uprightly than converts in Christian lands. But this does not accord with my observation, nor with reason. Converts among the heathen are apt to be very imperfect, even those giving good evidence of real piety. Their former habits of idleness, falsehood and hypocrisy, dishonesty and licentiousness, are not eradicated at once, even though there be grace in the heart. They live in the midst of evil influences; they breathe a polluted atmosphere; their old habits hang like fetters upon them; everything but the grace of God is against them. Is it any wonder that their pastors must often exhort them not to "lie one to another;" to "flee fornication;" to "keep themselves from idols;" to lay aside all filthiness, all malice, and hypocrisy"? But notwithstanding all this, taking our churches as a whole, there is very satisfactory evidence that they contain much salt. I know of no good people in the world who give better evidence of piety than many of our Hawaiian Christians. Some of them for more than thirty years

have adorned the doctrine of God our Saviour, by a harmless, prayerful and godly life. Their constant attendance in the sanctuary on the Sabbath, and in the weekly prayer-meetings, and their sobriety of deportment, their keeping aloof from sinful pleasures, their love of the brethren, their patient endurance, readiness to give and labor for Christ's cause, afford reason to believe that they are born of God, and raised to newness of life. Some of them have made great attainments in piety and are shining Christians.

The activity of our churches in the missionary work is very encouraging. The monthly concert of prayer for the heathen is generally observed, and they contribute liberally of their substance. They have sent of their people, men and women, to Christianize the tribes far to the south and westward in the Pacific. During the last year the contributions of the island churches for foreign missions amounted to $4,000, and during the same year they contributed about $18,000 for the support of pastors, the erection of churches and other benevolent objects. Most of them are extremely poor. Having no ready market at hand for their produce, and being unskillful in developing the resources of their country, they get but little money, and that little comes hard. But of their little they give as freely perhaps as any churches in the world.

This, then, is the result of mission effort on that people for thirty-nine years. They have become a people who were not a people. A nation has been redeemed from darkness and bondage, raised to light and freedom, and has taken its stand among the nations of the earth, with its regular departments of government, its systems of schools embracing all the children and youth, over

ten thousand in daily attendance, its advancing agriculture and commerce, its printing-presses, newspapers and literature. The name of Jehovah is invoked in every Privy Council of the king and in every legislative assembly. Oaths are administered in all their courts. The laws acknowledge Christianity as the religion of the country and punish idolatry as a crime. Temples once used for heathen worship, with all its obscenity, horror and blood, once thronged by naked, sunburnt, and beastly savages, have been demolished, and in their stead you find the temples of the living God, some of them excellent buildings, and erected by the poor natives by an amount of toil and sacrifice that would do honor to any Christian people. There have been received to the bosom of the church about forty thousand converts from the darkest form of paganism; of these more than fifteen thousand have gone to their reward; and if we may judge from a Christian life and dying testimony for Jesus, many have gone to a blessed reward. Others are holding on their way, twenty-one thousand of them scattered over the group, in regular standing in the churches.

All this has been gained, it is true, at cost of great toil, self-denial, and treasure. The churches of the United States have expended about a million of dollars in Christianizing those islanders. And now I ask, Have they not received a rich reward? Had there been no good accomplished there beyond what pertains to this life, no good save that of freedom from oppression, general intelligence, decency, comfort, thrift, tranquillity, and self-respect, all the toil and care and lives and money expended would have been a most profitable investment. But when we consider the value of the soul

that never dies, the good hope we have that hundreds, yea thousands, have been saved from perdition, and are already singing and will forever sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, have we not cause for gratitude that we have been allowed in any way to be co-workers in that blessed enterprise? I bless God that he ever put it into my heart to go thither.

I address, no doubt, those who have done much for that people. Your prayers have gone up for them, your sympathies have been with them in all their trials and struggles during their transition state. Your money has been contributed freely to aid them, and now, as I have rehearsed to you something of what God has done for them, do you not feel richly rewarded for all that you have done? You have a share in the work, a part of the reward is yours. And, oh, when you shall stand on Mount Zion above, by the mother who once murdered her own child, or by the old warrior whose greatest gratification once was to spill the blood of his enemies, or the haughty, despotic queen, Kaahumanu, whose tender mercies were cruelties, all washed and made clean in the blood of the Lamb, clothed in white and singing by your side the songs of redeeming love, will it not add to your bliss to remember that you had some instrumentality in bringing them to glory and blessedness?

Still our work among the Hawaiians is not complete. We cannot, like Paul and Barnabas, leave them and go on to tell other heathen tribes the glad message of the gospel. The polished, educated Greeks who heard the gospel from the apostles and embraced it, were very unlike the besotted Polynesian savages. Among the former were already the materials of a church organization. The apostles found among the converts persons

whom they could at once ordain as pastors of the churches they had just gathered. Our churches are made up of babes in Christ, and they need the parental hand of the missionary who gathered them, to guide them still. Yet their missionary is mortal and will soon pass away. Who then will take his place? It cannot be expected that the churches in this country will continue to send out fresh laborers to carry forward this work for forty years to come. No, Hawaii must have her own youth trained and fitted to fill all her posts of church and State; and until she can do this, our work is incomplete and nothing permanent achieved. The key-stone of the arch of benevolent enterprise we have been erecting, is yet to be inserted; otherwise the whole structure may yet fall to the ground. That key-stone is a college to educate our youth, where they may be trained, if God gives them grace, to take the places of their fathers and carry on the work begun, yea, and extend it to the thousand islands lying far to the westward with benighted, degraded inhabitants.

A school was established at Punahou, on the island of Oahu, in 1841, for the education of the children of missionaries; for we could not feel at ease in our work for the people while our own children were growing up in ignorance. But as years rolled on, and our work progressed, we found that we needed more than simply an academy. The colleges of America were thousands of miles distant; few of our youth could gratify their aspirations after a thorough education by going to those distant colleges. It was undesirable to send them so far away from parental and home influences; and more than all, the poverty of their parents rendered it impossible. Accordingly, on application to the Hawaiian

Government, a liberal charter was obtained, incorporating Oahu College in the year 1853. And the institution is now in progress, having a President, two professors and seventy pupils. The majority of these pupils are the children of your missionaries; five are native Hawaiian boys; many are the children of respectable foreigners who have adopted the sunny islands as their home. Our merciful God and Saviour has smiled upon this school, and within a few months eighteen have been hopefully converted. More than half of all the pupils are professed Christians; and I know of no school in this land pervaded by a higher moral tone. What we need now is a little pecuniary aid to endow its professorships and place it on a permanent foundation. It is proposed to raise $50,000 for this purpose. The Hawaiian Government has generously subscribed $10,000 of this sum. Two years ago President Beckwith and Dr. Armstrong, one of the Trustees, visited this country for the purpose of securing this endowment; but the commercial distress which then rolled over the land arrested them in the undertaking; and now I have come with the hope of finishing what they begun. What we ask for would not more than build one small steamboat, or fit out one whaleship. And I feel sure that the Christians here who have made so large and good an investment in those islands, will now take measures to render that investment a perpetual source of profit and comfort to their own souls and of everlasting joy to those islanders, and to the thousands who dwell in the regions beyond; that this fountain which has burst forth in the desert, may send its healing waters throughout the vast Pacific for the furtherance of the gospel and the glory of our common Lord.

MRS. MARY A. ALEXANDER.

# CHAPTER XV.

## MRS. MARY A. ALEXANDER.

### ACCOUNT OF HER DEATH AND TRIBUTES TO HER MEMORY.

AFTER the death of her husband Mrs. Mary Alexander lived at Haiku, Maui, in the families of her children, finding comfort, after the sad breaking up of the "Wailuku Home," in their love and sympathy, while to them she was by her influence and counsel and affection a light and joy and a constant benediction.

Her interest for the natives, for whom she had consecrated herself in youth, continued; and in various ways she sought to do them good. One of her children has written of her: "She often went out to visit the natives in Pauwela (near Haiku), when I hardly felt she was well enough. And she would often send for the (Hawaiian) minister to talk with him. I have known her also to make many personal appeals to different ones (of the foreign community) to become Christians. She never shirked a known duty. . . . She herself lived very near to God. Her thoughts were more with the next world and Christ than here." Another writes: "I think she spent most of her waking moments in prayer and reading the Bible. How many times she has talked with us of Heaven."

Notwithstanding the loving attentions of her children and friends, she sadly felt the loss of her husband. In

a letter to one of her sons she wrote: "I miss him every hour. But the separation will not be long. There will be a glorious meeting by and by with all the redeemed. 'Those that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.'"

That glorious meeting occurred sooner than had been anticipated. Since the foregoing memoir was written, and before it was published, the sad tidings have come of her sudden death.

She had requested that her name should appear as little as possible in this volume, and wished her portrait to be excluded; but the propriety of inserting her likeness, and these brief accounts of her and tributes to her memory, will not be questioned.

She was at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Emily Baldwin, at Haiku, when her death occurred. She had been uncommonly well Thursday (June 28, the day previous to her death), and had written letters to all her absent children, letters that to them will be precious mementoes of her. At nine P. M. she retired to her room, apparently in her usual health; but directly afterwards she called for assistance to her daughter, Mrs. Baldwin, as she was taken with a severe attack of cholera morbus. A native was sent to Wailuku (sixteen miles) for a doctor. But it was a dark and rainy night, so that the doctor did not arrive till five o'clock the next morning. Another daughter, Mrs. Dickey, was at Makawao, and at her request was sent for. Mr. Dickey and Mrs. Baldwin administered what remedies they could; but she suffered greatly with paroxysms of pain during the night. Once she remarked, "This is my last sickness." But her words were few, on account of her sufferings. The doctor, when he arrived, gave her medicines, which seemed to relieve her; and she fell asleep. At 5:30 o'clock (June

29, 1888) she awaked, and in the pain and retchings of her sickness suddenly fell back upon her pillow, death occurring from the rupture of an artery in the brain.

The sufferings were now over; her long life of love and missionary toil was ended; the Heaven she had talked of, the glorious meeting with her husband and the redeemed and Christ she had longed for, were realized. She was at rest and in glory.

The news of her death reached Honolulu the next morning. Hon. H. P Baldwin, then in attendance in the Legislature in Honolulu, chartered the steamer *Likelike*, and, accompanied by Prof. W. D. Alexander, the eldest son, reached Haiku in time for the funeral, which was at ten A. M. the following Sunday. Most of the other children were in the United States, and one daughter was in England. A large concourse of the foreign residents and natives attended the funeral. One of the children has written: "It did me good to see the feeling shown by the natives. They all came in and wept around her body, as she lay in her coffin. One by the name of Hao made a touching prayer over her." Very beautiful floral tributes were sent in, one of which was sent by a native woman, a cross, which was placed upon the casket.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Thomas L. Gulick, who opened with a short prayer; the hymn, "Rock of Ages," was then sung by a quartet of voices; Rev. Bissell then led in prayer; the hymn, "Beautiful Valley of Eden," was then sung; then Mr. Gulick made the touching and appropriate address which is appended; after this the hymn, "Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping," was sung; then all followed the remains to the grave. This had been prepared north of the house,

amongst orange and eucalyptus trees. It is proposed to remove the body at some future time, to be laid beside that of her husband in the cemetery at Oakland, California. "At the grave the native pastor led in prayer, and a native hymn was sung very softly and tenderly by a native choir, to the tune, 'Home, Sweet Home;' and then 'dust to dust, ashes to ashes;' but the glorified spirit was already enjoying that bliss of which we cannot here form any conception."

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## SERMON, BY REV. T. L. GULICK, AT THE FUNERAL OF MRS. M. A. ALEXANDER.

Zech. 14:7: "At evening-time it shall be light."

This was very true of our dear Mother Alexander. After a long and bright day, filled with love and usefulness, there was a serene and beautiful evening-time, in which a mild radiance shone about her, filling those who knew her with thoughts of Heaven, and bright anticipations of the greater glory which she was soon to behold.

When she suddenly left us it almost seemed as though we could see the pearly gates and the golden streets where she had entered to join her companion in the toils of earth, the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect.

She had but little of this world's goods, but what a rich legacy she has left, not only to her children, but to us all! Its worth is above all rubies and precious stones. She was so retiring that only those who were intimate with her were conscious of the full strength of her character; but who that knew her has not felt the warm pulse of her loving heart?

God is love, and that divine love had so entered into her, that it seemed to have taken possession of her whole being, and to irradiate with light and warmth all who came within the circle of her influence. It was this flame of divine love burning bright in their hearts which led her and her husband, with a heroism surpassing that of the Pilgrim Fathers of New England, to sail from New Bedford, November 26, 1831, to spend their lives far from home and kindred, in lifting degraded savages out of heathen darkness. It was this unquenchable love and heroism which led a little company of six devoted men and women, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, and Mr. and Mrs. Parker, to make the determined effort for nine terrible months to live among the cannibals in the Marquesas Islands, which they left when they found that an English society thought they had a prior claim upon the field.

For fifty-seven years, with only one short visit to the home and friends of her youth, Mother Alexander has spent her life in voluntary exile for the love of souls. The Marquesas Islands, Waioli, Kauai, Lahainaluna, Wailuku, and Haiku have for these fifty-seven years been witnesses of her faith, hope, and love. Among the most marked traits of her character was her modest, meek, and gentle spirit, which made her heroism the more noticeable and praiseworthy. It was always her joy to help any who were in need or distress, at however great inconvenience to herself.

Her children, her grandchildren, her neighbors, the Hawaiians, *all* who knew her, rise up and call her blessed. Those of us who have known her more during the last years of her life, have been struck with her constant solicitude for the spiritual welfare of all about her. The

object to which she consecrated the strength and bloom of her youth, was increasingly dear to her in old age. Now that she is gone, an added responsibility to work and to pray for the salvation of souls, will be laid upon each of us.

Our friend was one whose delight was in the Word of God. It was sweeter to her "than honey and the honeycomb." She "hid it in her heart," and "meditated on it day and night."

One of the most familiar ways in which her children can picture their mother to themselves is with the loved Book open before her. Her mark was found in her Bible at the seventy-first psalm, which probably was the last chapter she read.

"In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust;" "cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth." "I will hope continually, and will yet praise thee more and more." "Now when I am old and gray-headed, O God, forsake me not; until I have showed thy strength unto this generation, and thy power to every-one that is to come." "My tongue also shall talk of thy righteousness all the day long." "My lips shall greatly rejoice when I sing unto thee; and my soul, which thou hast redeemed."

We all know with what pleasure she sang with us, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," and the other familiar hymns dear to every Christian. Now she has joined the heavenly choir in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb. "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty, just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints."

By a providential ordering, our theme at the last prayer-meeting she attended, and which she afterwards

said she enjoyed very much, was "Heaven our home, the home of our Father and Redeemer."

The very last words several of us ever heard from her lips were the words of our Master, "If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also." The *certainty* and the *joy* of being *forever with Christ* was the last thought we heard her express. How fitting! How sweet to remember! How little we then supposed that this dear mother in Israel would so soon enter the home to which her loving thoughts ran forward!

Can we not almost hear the welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord"?

I cannot feel, my friends, that this is a day of mourning. It is a day in which Christ anew brings *life* and *immortality* to light. It is a day of *victory;* a day of *welcome home* to one who was *ready*, and who longed for the *Father's house. Faithful unto death*, she has received the *crown* of *life. Thanks be to God*, who *giveth* us the *victory* through our *Lord Jesus Christ.*

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## OBITUARY OF MRS. M. A. ALEXANDER, BY REV. S. E. BISHOP.

By the death of this venerable missionary mother the survivors of the re-inforcement of 1832 are reduced to three, Mrs. Emerson, Mrs. Armstrong, and Mrs. Parker.

Mrs. Alexander's maiden name was Mary Ann McKinney. She was born near Wilmington, Delaware, January 10, 1810. In May, 1824, she made that public profession of religion that was followed and verified by

a consecrated life of faithful and steadfast Christian service. She had become a resident of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, at the time of her marriage, October 25, 1831, to the Rev. W. P. Alexander. On November 26 following they embarked at New Bedford in the *Averick*, as missionaries of the A. B. C. F. M. to the Hawaiian Islands. With the Armstrongs and Parkers, the Alexanders lived for part of one year among the Marquesas cannibals, during 1833–34. That mission having been surrendered to the London Missionary Society, they returned to Honolulu, having endured great perils and hardships. They were then stationed at Waioli, Kauai, residing there until 1843. Lahainaluna Seminary then became their home until 1857, when they removed to Wailuku, Maui.

Both at Lahainaluna and at Wailuku for forty years the Alexander home was the seat of the warmest and most abundant hospitality, to which the calm and gracious nature and the efficient ministrations of the housemother contributed no less than the high and genial manliness of the honored father. It seems to us that, in the varied and pleasant memories of old missionary life in Hawaii, no home stands out in memory more radiant with generous Christian light and sweetness. Mrs. Alexander was a woman of ever high and earnest tone, wise, calm, patient, and faithful, steadfast and cheerful under many trials and burdens, and much experience of invalidism. Her faith in Christ was clear and strong from the beginning to the end. It ever sustained and rejoiced her, and filled her with love and zeal for the salvation of men.

As the mother of five sons and four daughters, all but one of whom survive her, it was in the sacred maternal

life that Mrs. Alexander's strength of body and spirit was largely expended. She was a loving, wise, and successful nourisher and trainer of her flock. The large and greatly prospered tribe of her children and grandchildren do indeed rise up and call her blessed. To her, through them, Hawaii already owes much, both spiritually and socially, and is likely to be still more a debtor. Her memory and her husband's are especially dear to Hawaiians, so many of whom enjoyed their training in seminary and in household, as well as in pastoral intercourse. It may be truly said that their memories are fragrant throughout the communities of these islands. Their works do follow them.

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EXTRACT FROM LETTER OF MRS. M. D. MERRITT, OF OAHU COLLEGE, TO MRS. BALDWIN.

My love and sympathy are with you in your loss of the precious mother, who has gone out from your home. I knew her but slightly; but she won my heart by a letter of sympathy, when our baby died; and she has seemed very dear to me ever since.

Your husband will tell you of the memorial meeting for her Wednesday evening, and of the loving expression from Dr. Beckwith. I have thought so many times of last summer, when Mrs. Dana and I sit for nearly a whole forenoon in her room, listening with the most intense interest to her story of her life in the South Seas. She told, as simply and naturally as though they were nothing to be wondered at, experiences which seemed to us from our standpoint, a marvel of consecrated, self-sacrificing love. The impression made upon Mrs. Dana

was a most marked one, and she often spoke of it to me afterwards.

I know what a benediction her presence must have been in your house, and how sadly you miss her. The sadness and the loneliness are the realities here. May the dear Lord give you abundantly his presence and help.

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EXTRACT FROM LETTER OF MR. E. BAILEY.

So filled am I with thoughts of the blessed rest of the departed one, of the fullness of joy to which she has entered, of her meetings with the dear departed ones from whom she has been separated, and especially with that Saviour, whom she had so long loved and so faithfully served, that I am in danger of overlooking the sadness of the bereavement to those who are left to mourn her loss. Nothing can fill for them the gap so suddenly made. The torn heart will weep. But their grief too cannot be unmixed with joy at the remembrance of what she has been to them for so long, and that she has arrived at the close of a well-filled life, with so little to regret and so much in which to rejoice. Such a life as hers is seldom seen in our imperfect world.

She had leaned much on her husband till he was taken away; and since that, although she has had so many kind and dutiful children ready to do their uttermost to fill his place, I am sure it could never be quite filled. And now she has gone to rejoin him. What a glorious meeting! It was a marriage for eternity! And we cannot doubt that the reunion is a true one. She has met one child too, and will be ready to meet them all as, one by one, they follow after her to the glorious world.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF MRS. M. E. PARKER.

I wish I had time to write much of your dear mother, whom, as you know, I greatly loved. After your father's death and her return to the islands we frequently exchanged thoughts on the subjects that were then engaging much attention, political and moral and always religious. I miss her letters; but she does not seem to me to be any farther away than while she was living on Maui.

Let me mention some of my remembrances of her. Away back fifty and more years ago, when I first knew her, she was beautiful to look upon. If at length the outward faded somewhat under cares, labors, and sorrows of mission life, we did not think of that; for the inward was strengthening in affection—in an affection that included not only her friends, but also the low races for whom in early youth she came to the Pacific. The great desire of her heart was to bless and save them, and this continued to her last days.

I well remember a little incident of our life together at the Marquesas. During the first week of our residence there we stowed away very closely, for our homes were in a small shed. Her ten feet square was next to my ten feet, and Sister Armstrong's ten feet was beyond hers, in the end nearest the seashore. One time Mr. Alexander and Mr. Parker had planned an excursion to the next bay; they were to climb the cliff and descend into the Taipi Valley. This would make them absent a day and night. Your mother proposed that I should come to her room and sleep with her to beguile loneliness and share anxiety. About midnight we were startled by terrible, savage yells, and the sounds came nearer and nearer. Whatever it might be it was headed in the direction of our homes. Our first anxiety was

lest William should awake, frightened, and attract the attention of the savages. Your mother said to me, "Our only refuge now is our God; we will pray." The child slept on between us; the sounds were deeper and nearer for a short period, and then grew fainter; and the crowd passed the house, and went on in another direction, and we went to sleep undisturbed, under divine protection, was it? We thought so. In the morning we found it was a religious procession that had passed by. A shark had been taken by the fishermen, and this was a god to be worshiped in the only way they knew. Does not this show something in favor of the heathen nations? have they not some sacred feelings? some ideas of a Being over them, to be honored and worshiped? Yet let me say it, that in their sensual daily lives it was difficult to believe they had souls.

I have digressed, I see, but the incident I have mentioned shows how your mother always prayed, always believed in the answer of prayer, that it would come. Her letters to me always closed with the words, "Let us pray earnestly."

I take pleasure in telling another incident of more recent date. We missionaries have our missionary friends, away from us, some of them poor, if one can be poor who serves the Lord Jesus. We have a friend who was once a missionary teacher at the islands. She has been many years away from us, and has had many reverses. Out of love the sisters here have from time to time made small purses for her. Mrs. Lowell Smith did it while she lived; then it seemed to fall to my care, the privilege. But I was not always skillful as I desired to be, and sometimes was discouraged. So I wrote to your mother, thinking, knowing, she would send me her $5.00. When

the postal came it was so much I would not draw it, till I wrote and asked if the figures were correct. She replied, "Yes, right, draw it soon, for the money is paid and it is not best to delay." Well, to be brief, there came another $20, at her suggestion I supposed, for I had not asked for it. I love to think of this and many other acts; and this was among the last of her life.

Your mother's true love for Christ and his kingdom, and her deep affection for her friends, and for her children, words cannot tell; but you know how her works testified for her. Her very last letters to me told of a new joy. "I am just now able," she said, "to get around to the scattered and distant homes of the natives in Haiku, as Annie (Mrs. Dickey) can now take me in a carriage, where I could not walk." She had often said, "I have everything of comfort in my new home, only the natives live so far away from me." This difficulty of visiting the natives was always her deep regret after leaving Wailuku.

Mrs. Lyman, of Hilo, was an especial friend and correspondent of hers; and as you know perhaps, Sister Lyman's sudden death was a great shock to her. She wrote me about it in a strain that was new for her. She evidently was reviewing her own life, searching out what she termed defects and short-comings, and seeking to attain a higher Christian consecration. Her letter pained me; for my impression was that she might be going soon herself, and that she had no need to review her life. But she recovered from this state of mind, and her letters were cheerful to the end. She had built on a solid foundation. Jesus was all in all to her, always, and prayer was her refuge in all the storms of life.

Your father was the best and noblest of men. A great

deal went out of Hawaii that was love and kindness to me when he went. Now your mother has gone to him, and they are waiting for their children to join them in the glories of the Lord.

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